

THE TOPICAL TIMES

FOOTBALL

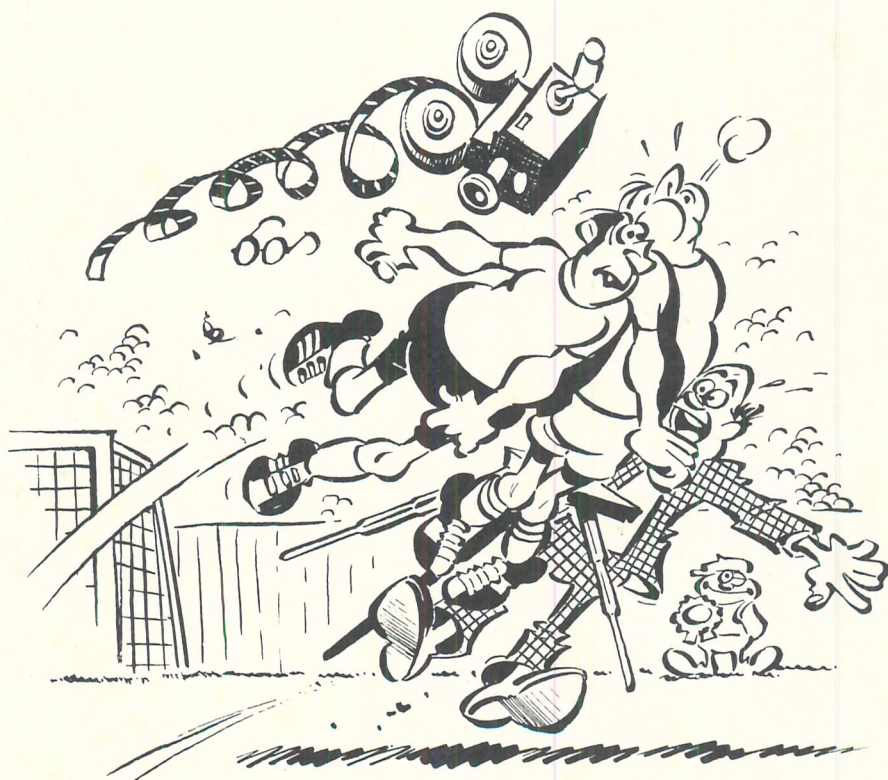
BOOK



1977







**THE
TOPICAL
TIMES**

**FOOTBALL
BOOK
1977**



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MIKE CHANNON hits home his second goal in England's 4-0 defeat of Ireland in the Home Championship game at Wembley.



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A Scotland attack on the Welsh goal at Hampden shows nine visiting defenders in the defence zone. Scotland won 3-1.

**BILL
TAYLOR**
— a key
man in
England's
set-up.

World Cup Nerve Cure

THE battle for the World Cup is under way.

Nations, large and small, are fighting for a place in the Finals in 1978.

England opened their account with a solid win against Finland in Helsinki last June.

In the end it was 11 players who did a professional job on the pitch to earn 4-1 victory.

But, leading up to any England outing, is a vast amount of unseen work and preparation to make sure players can give of their very best at the right time.

When England travel, a huge load of luggage goes with them into their aircraft.

Twelve suitcases, ten kit bags, other bags for things like medicine have to be hauled around.

They carry two complete sets of strips, plus a change in case of colour clash.

Also two sets of training gear.

A LECTURE FROM THE DOC

To make sure players eat the right food, they even take their own cornflakes and tea bags.

Another odd-shaped parcel contains three putters for the carpet golf competition manager Don Revie always stages to ease nerves on the night before a big game.

For this special show a draw is made, with every name going into the hat. Favourites for the final always include Mike Channon and Ray Clemence.

Eating plays a very important part in any athlete's life. England players get a lecture from the doctor on how to balance their diet to best effect.

Bill Taylor, the Scot who is assistant manager with Manchester City, plays a key role in the set-up.

He explains the change in approach over the years . . .

"Steak used to be the regular meal for footballers

(Continued on next page)

**WHY DON REVIE ALWAYS
PACKS THREE PUTTERS**



A SCOTLAND World Cup candidate is **WILLIE PETTIGREW** of Motherwell—the instinctive goal-snatcher who has been weighed up by so many English clubs. Here Pettigrew looks like he is just about to make a hard landing on an opponent. But it's simply a hurdling act, caught by the camera at a crucial moment.

NO MORE STROLLING ROUND THE TOWN

before a game," he says. "But that sticks in the stomach and does harm.

"The doctor has explained to the players that light, sweet food gives more vitamins and protein. We have worked out diet sheets to measure.

"In days gone by, players would go for a walk or shopping to pass the time before a match. That doesn't happen any more.

"A stroll may not sound much, but it drains energy that could be vital to a player who has to get through the running required in the modern game.

"Now the England players relax with their feet up. Either going to bed or playing cards in the lounge. About 4.30 before a night match like Finland, they go into tea with honey on the menu."

Other preparation is just as carefully thought out. Opponents are watched at least three times in advance.

Reports, often as long as 16 pages, are then made out, and a copy given to each of the 22 players in the squad to study at leisure.

After all this, the team talks and practice sessions are used to work on the strengths and weaknesses listed in the dossiers.

FREE-KICK "SPECIALS"

Tactics are vital at World Cup level. Which is why so much time is spent by manager Revie and his staff ironing out every possible move to be faced.

Free kicks are a perfect example. When England have to face a blast from the edge of the penalty box, 'keeper Clemence has the job of ordering the number of defenders he wants in the defence wall. Centre forward Stuart Pearson has the job of standing by the ball to make sure every angle is covered.

At the other end there is a wide variety of tricks to set opponents a difficult task in coping with free-kicks awarded to England.

All these are gone over time and again in training so everybody knows the routine, whether he is taking the kick or simply making a run hoping to lure a marker out of position.

Next time you see England take a "free," watch the number of men on the move as the kick is taken.

It was the continentals who taught us many a cute move, but Don Revie is determined to make sure it is England who pull rabbits out of the hat while the opposition guess.

Having spent two months together at the end of last season, the England players obviously learned plenty.

In the home internationals they struggled to get the systems working. But weeks of preparation and study sessions began to pay handsome dividends on the United States tour.

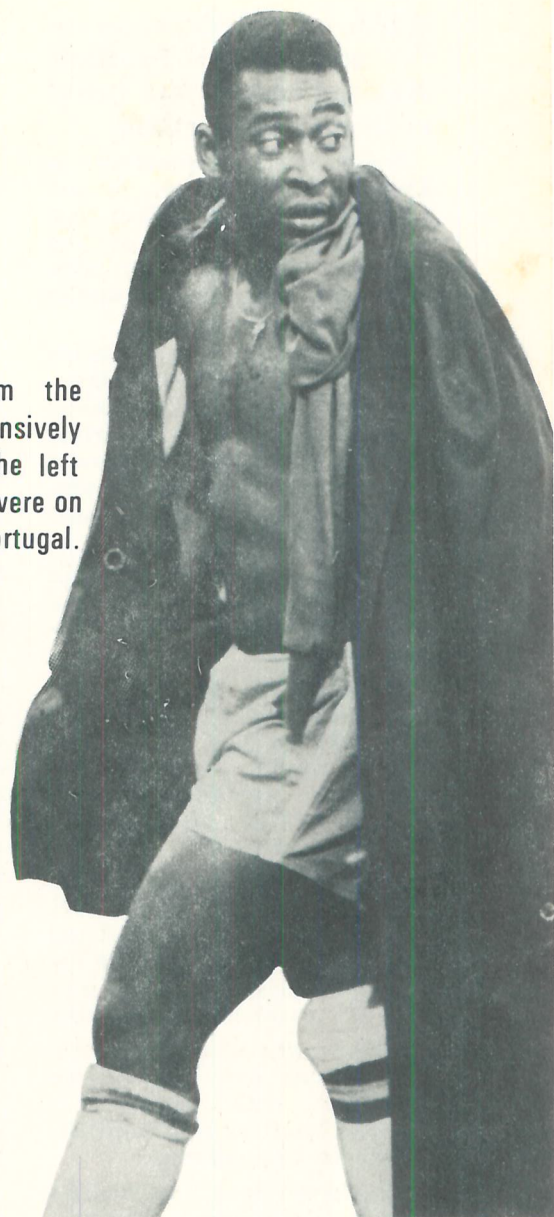
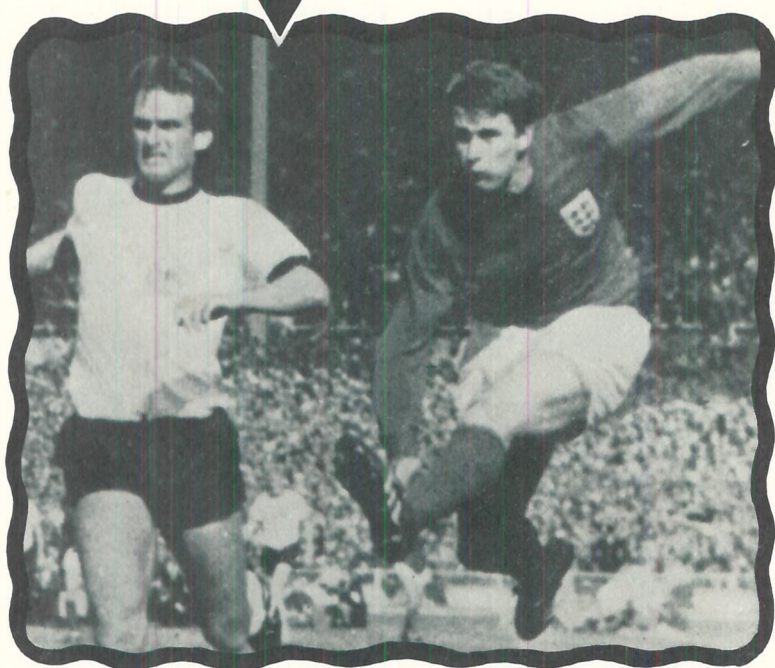
By the time they met Finland in Helsinki, it was clear the England players had begun to believe in Don Revie's calculated efforts to get them to the Finals.

Unforgettable...

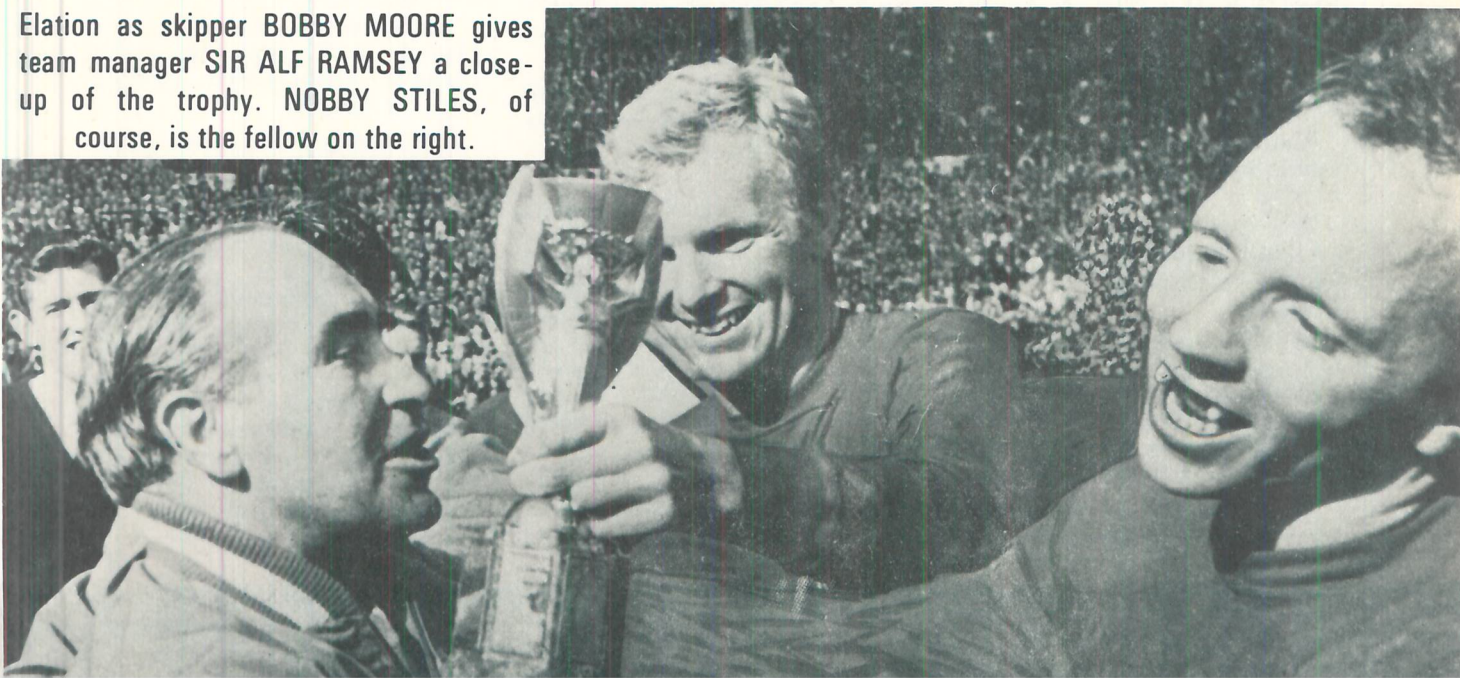
THE World Cup has thrown up some tremendous football pictures. Here are three from 1966, when England triumphed on their home ground—

GEOFF HURST hammers home No 3 of the hat-trick he scored in the 4—2 final defeat of West Germany.

The great PELE retires from the tournament—looking apprehensively over his shoulder at the game he left behind. For his Brazilian mates were on the way to elimination by Portugal.



Elation as skipper BOBBY MOORE gives team manager SIR ALF RAMSEY a close-up of the trophy. NOBBY STILES, of course, is the fellow on the right.



FIFA—the Federation of International Football Associations—is the world authority in football.

From its headquarters in Zurich, Switzerland, is organised the World Cup and the football section of the Olympic Games. They also keep an eye on European competitions.

The Asian Cup, South Pacific Games, Intercontinental Friendship Cup between Europe and South America, African Championship—even the World Football Championship for Military Teams comes into their orbit.

Yet the biggest competition given FIFA approval—and a trophy—is played by merchant seamen.

Teams from the crews of any two ships docked in any port of the world can play a match especially for what is called **“THE SEVEN SEAS FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.”**

One hundred and five countries entered for the 1978 World Cup. Nine hundred and seventy-five teams entered for the last Seven Seas show—with 62 nations represented.

The results of these world-wide games are “fed” into the FIFA H.Q. where they are tabulated as methodically as World Cup returns.

The Seven Seas Cup started back in 1950 in the Norwegian Government Seaman's Service. It was then extended to cover other Scandinavian countries—and has now grown to take in the world.

Teams are entered by almost every country that has a ship at sea.

The first international competition drew ships from 36 nations—including 70 from Britain.

In 1967 quite a number of fixtures were played off in Antwerp and Rotterdam, where a lot of ships had come together and an “International Sports Week” was organised.

Further such sports weeks were laid on in 1968. This time

Antwerp and Rotterdam were joined by Hamburg, Liverpool, Yokohama, Baltimore and San Pedro.

Then “International Seven Seas” gala periods with Singapore, Manila and Houston added to the previous centres.

Now we find teams of seafarers playing in remote parts of Africa or South America, knowing the result of their match will receive as much attention at FIFA headquarters as a World Cup qualifying game between England and Italy, Scotland and Wales, or Ireland and Belgium.

Often games take place on pitches far from perfect. Surfaces range from the paddy-field variety to sun-baked “concrete.”

And, obviously, the great mass of entrants cannot be balloted.

Rules lay down the series should start on January 1 and be completed by November 30. Matches may be played in any port in the world.

Each team will play at least eight matches, including three against teams from other countries.

It is accepted matches should be between 11-man teams. But sometimes a small ship may not have many footballers in its crew. If both ships agree, a match can be arranged between seven-a-side teams. Such games to be played on a smaller ground than normal.

Playing time is two half-hour periods, with a five-minute break. But, under particular

circumstances—of, say, tropical heat, darkness, and in matches between two seven-man teams—playing time may be reduced to two spells of 20 minutes.

Players must be “signed-on” members of a ship's company. This is to stop “imports” of stars from other ships.

With ships suddenly arriving together in far-off ports, matches are often fixed via radio. Then it's full speed ahead for a game that is taken as seriously as a First Division clash.

If any ship wishes to lodge a protest, the cost is five US dollars. Protests are sent by cable to Oslo, with letter of confirmation from first port of call.

Fortunately, there aren't many protests . . .

Last year's competition ended in a tie for first place—between the Norwegian motor vessels Elin Horn and Royal Viking Sea.

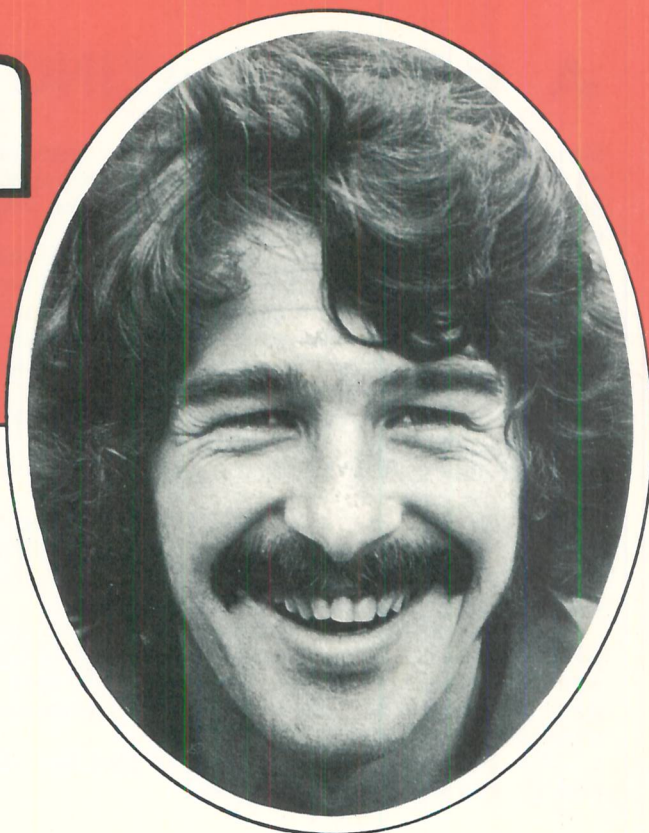
Each won all of eight games played. And, plus an extra three for goals scored, finished with 19 points.

The spread of the competition can be judged from this order of merit for other ships taking part—Maria (Sweden), Lisita (Norway), Bruce Handara (Liberia), Banana (Denmark), Baie Comeau (Norway), Tebonia (Finland), Kungsholm (Sweden), Coral Venture (Great Britain), Berglijot (Norway), Antarctic (Germany FR), Hosanger (Norway), Boleslaw Chrobry (Poland), Svea Regina (Sweden).

ALL ASHORE FOR SOCCER.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SEVEN SEAS CUP!

Promotion -or BUST



FFIFTY-ONE thousand fans packed themselves into Roker Park last Easter Monday. Bolton Wanderers were visitors. Victory would put Sunderland back into the First Division. And we made it . . .

The reception we got at the end of the game showed the delight of that vast army of supporters.

Not one fan left the ground until we had circled the pitch on a lap of honour, waving to what appeared a sea of red and white scarves.

Wearside fans had waited six long, often desperately frustrating years for such a day. And, boy, did they make the most of it! The atmosphere was electric.

When we were eventually allowed to return to our dressing-room, more than half an hour after the final whistle, I'd got round to realising that, after 12 years at Roker Park, my career had turned full circle.

When I joined Sunderland as a 15-year-old apprentice in 1964 the club had just won promotion to the First Division. Now it was happening all over again.

In between there had been SO many ups and downs . . .

Two broken legs, for example. The hard, unsuccessful battle for First Division survival; the magic of our F.A. Cup win; the desperate struggle to return to the top-flight and the time when I would have left Sunderland and thrown up the chance of that Easter celebration.

It was around 1966 I first broke into the big team at Roker. A dozen games later I was being called a hit. We hadn't lost one of those matches and I'd bagged seven goals.

It was some start. But then came the shattering blow of a broken leg against Leeds United in a sixth round F.A. Cup tie.

And worse was to follow. After 12 months spent in regaining fitness and re-establishing myself in the reserve side, I broke the same leg again in a match against Ashington.

I took that double blow with surprising calmness. If something the same happened to me now ten years on, I'd be ill with worry . . . fearful about my career. Then I just accepted it as part and parcel of the game.

But, for sure, these leg breaks did hold up my

career for a spell. After the second one the following two or three seasons were certainly nothing to write home about. For either me, personally, or the club.

First Division life was a tough, often tedious struggle. We were always at the wrong end of the table trying to stave off relegation.

I was in and out of the first team like a yo-yo. Never quite managing to become a regular member.

Ironically, it was only to be after the "first cause" was lost that I finally achieved recognition as more than just a fringe player.

The year was 1970 and although my own career began to flourish it did so in an area of soccer I was to come to know only too well over the next six years . . . the Second Division.

In 1970, when we were relegated, most folk expected us to bounce back straight away. That didn't happen. From being a struggling First Division side we became strugglers in the Second Division.

Two seasons passed without betterment. The third actually saw us deep in trouble after the opening months. There were genuine fears we might tumble down yet another division.

Wearside had become a depressed soccer area. That was reflected in the numbers turning out on a Saturday afternoon to watch us toiling.

Gates, at one time topping 40,000, were occasionally less than 10,000. There was just no atmosphere at all at the club.

But, suddenly, in the November of '72, something happened that was to alter not only our footballing

BOBBY KERR —telling about the road Sunderland found so hard

A MOST AMAZING TRANSFORMATION

fortunes, but our whole lives as well. In the space of six unbelievable months, we were to be transported from a bunch of nobodies to the most-talked-about side in years.

That "happening" started with Alan Brown leaving Roker Park and Bob Stokoe arriving from Blackpool to take over as manager. No one could have dreamed that, by the end of the season, we would not only have raced up the league to within an ace of promotion, but carried off the F.A. Cup as well.

I'll never try to explain why our fortunes should so dramatically change. All I know is they did, and that, personally, it brought the proudest moment of my entire career.

At the start of the season I'd been appointed team skipper. It was my privilege, therefore, to lead the side up the Wembley stairs to collect the F.A. Cup after we had beaten Leeds in the final.

Everything had happened so quickly it was impossible to take it all in. Now we were on top of the world — wanted by everyone. There were TV spots, guest appearances, advertising contracts and presentations galore to cope with.

It's a wonder we found time to play football during that spell. It was unbelievable.

"STICK" FROM THE FANS

Our whole approach to winning the Cup was "technically" wrong. There was so much to do we seldom had time to think about the matches themselves. Getting to Wembley was one long round of laughs for us.

We felt no pressures at all. We certainly couldn't approach it so light-heartedly a second time. It's frightening when you get down to thinking what is at stake.

Having won the Cup and come so near promotion, we found ourselves expected to walk it to the First Division the following season. But, perhaps as result of reaction to our success, we blew it. Possibly we expected it to be handed to us without first doing the necessary work.

It wasn't a good season for me personally. As skipper I began to take 'stick' from the fans. At times I felt I was carrying the can for our failure.

When Bobby Moncur was signed from Newcastle United at the end of season 1973-74 and eventually appointed skipper for the next campaign, no one was more pleased than me. Though, unhappily, the circumstances of the switch over in leadership brought me to a crossroads in my time as a Sunderland player.

When Bob Stokoe had first come to Roker I'd volunteered to give up the captaincy of the side. I felt it was a new manager's right to pick his own leader. When my offer was turned down and it was suggested things remain as before, I obviously took it as a compliment.

Then, as soon as it was known the club were about to sign Bobby, the speculation began that he would also be given the skipper's role. But the boss simply wouldn't come out and make it all official.

The business dragged on for weeks, with speculation mounting all the time. Eventually it got me down.

I'd never really wanted to part company with Sunderland, but, on a point of principle, I decided to hand in a transfer request.

The outcome was I was put on the list. At that stage, I would certainly have packed my bags and left Wearside if the right offer had come along.

As it happened, just before the season started, the boss himself asked me if I really wanted to leave and whether I'd come off the list. I gave it some thought before I did.

That matter resolved, I then looked forward to a season when we were once again hot tips to end the years of waiting for First Division football. I like to think it turned out to be one of my most consistent.

But, once again, we were to blow up when it came to the crunch in the promotion stakes.

At Christmas we were five points clear of the fourth-placed club. The situation couldn't have been healthier . . . or so we thought. But, come the end of April, we had finished up losers again. It was a stunning blow to us all.

Of course, all those trials and tribulations were forgotten last Easter Monday as we finally made up for the past failures. Though, for a long spell it had looked as if we could end up among the near misses yet again.

Our away form of last season simply didn't match up to what we were doing at Roker Park. Remarkably, we didn't lose one home fixture all season.

And so we made it back to the top . . .



TONY TOWERS —
a driving force in Sunderland's team.

Shops and societies have sprung up all over the country.

The United team sheet is blank because the club had no idea what kind of team they would field.



Secrets Behind

A

LOCKED away in the vault of a Portsmouth bank is a gold-plated football boot.

It was my "prize" for scoring the winning goal in last season's cup final.

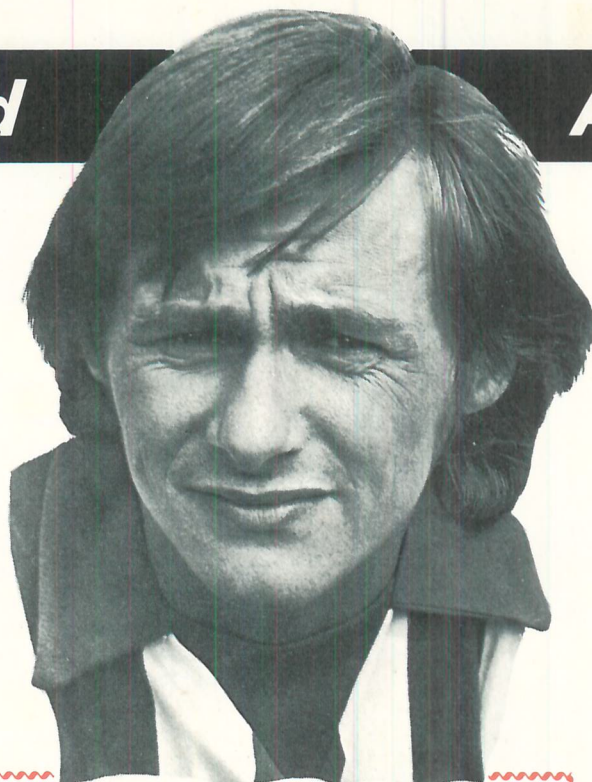
A winner that changed so much for me.

Before our Wembley success I always seemed to be a sort of make-weight at the Dell. The type of player who had to look at the team sheet every week to make sure he was playing.

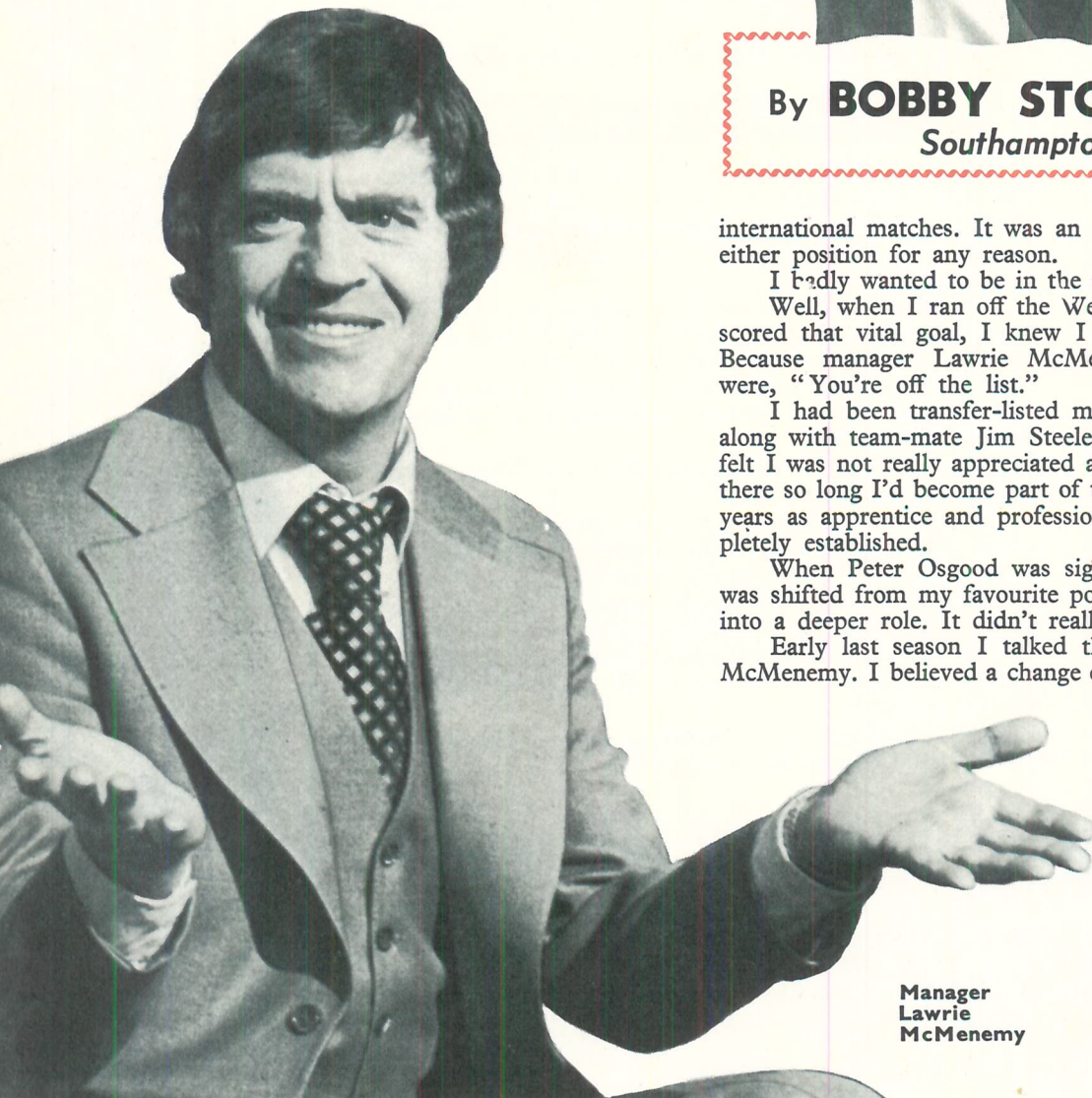
Now I feel established. And that's a great feeling.

Before our winning Cup run I envied players like Mike Channon, and, before him, Terry Paine. They were so outstanding they made their shirts virtually their own property. Terry Paine, number seven. Mike Channon, number eight.

The only way anyone else was to wear those shirts was if their owners were injured or playing



By **BOBBY STOKES**
Southampton



Manager
Lawrie
McMenemy

international matches. It was an honour to take over either position for any reason.

I badly wanted to be in the same class.

Well, when I ran off the Wembley pitch, having scored that vital goal, I knew I was half-way there. Because manager Lawrie McMenemy's first words were, "You're off the list."

I had been transfer-listed most of last season—along with team-mate Jim Steele—mainly because I felt I was not really appreciated at the Dell. I'd been there so long I'd become part of the furniture. Eleven years as apprentice and professional, but never completely established.

When Peter Osgood was signed from Chelsea I was shifted from my favourite position up front back into a deeper role. It didn't really suit me.

Early last season I talked things over with Mr McMenemy. I believed a change of club would be the

best plan—and I was put on the list. The only offer came from Portsmouth. As they were my home town side, people expected me to jump at the chance.

But a local transfer was just what I didn't want. If I was going to change clubs I wanted

Fantastic Cup Triumph . . .

THE OMENS THAT SPELT OUT SENSATION

a complete break. A total change of scenery.

At the time I had drifted out of the Southampton team. But then came Mr McMenemy's telling decision — for me, and, I believe, the team. He switched the team formation from 4-4-2 to 4-3-3. From midfield I moved forward, with "Ossie" dropping deeper.

It was a switch made to try improve our appalling away record and keep us in the Second Division promotion business. It could hardly have worked better! First match I was back in the side we won our first away points of the season by beating West Brom 2-0. And we then had an unbeaten run of 16 matches. That carried us through to the Cup quarter-finals and into the promotion chase.

Winning the F.A. Cup was the greatest moment of my life. All the sweeter for victory against the odds. On Cup Final day you could get 6-1 against us. Yet we believed we could win the Cup. So confident we felt we were the favourites. After all, the Cup Final is something special. Experience counts for so much at Wembley. And we knew all the experience was on our side.

Peter Osgood, Peter Rodrigues and Jim McCalliog had all played in Cup Finals before — with Chelsea, Leicester and Sheffield Wednesday. So we had wonderful experience up front, at the back and in midfield.

Then defenders David Peach, Mel Blyth, Jim Steele and I had all played over 200 first-team matches each. Finally, we had Mike Channon, a world-class forward with bags of experience of international football at Wembley.

We became more and more confident the nearer match-day came, and omens started to loom up. Choice



Cup joy — by MEL BLYTH

of hotel, for a start. The Selsdon Park in South London. Sunderland had stayed there in 1973 and gone out to shock Leeds 1-0 — all against the odds.

They were managed by a Geordie — Bob Stokoe. Our manager, Lawrie McMenemy, is a Geordie.

A waiter at the hotel told me they had put up all kinds of Cup Final and international teams — football, Rugby League, the lot — and had never had a losing side stay there.

Then there was the horse racing. Several of our team are keen racegoers. Notably Mike Channon, Peter Osgood and myself. And the week before the final just happened to include the first Classics meeting of the season. The 1000 and 2000 Guineas at Newmarket.

A great time was had by all at the hotel. There was a lounge right next to the sauna baths. We'd have a sauna, nip out into the lounge to watch the racing — and back into the sauna again.

And every time we backed a horse it won!

I stayed behind on the Friday, when most of the lads went to Wembley to get the feel of the place. I couldn't bear to spoil the big day. I'd never even seen Wembley Stadium before. I wanted to save everything for the real occasion.

It was no let-down. Walking out on to the pitch to do a TV interview an hour before kick-off was a magic experience. I'll never forget the reception given us by our fans, bunched at the tunnel end. It gave me a terrific lift to hear their cheers.

I could hardly believe it, but I was feeling no great nervousness. Nothing more than the usual few butterflies. So different from the semi-final. Then we all had the shakes. It was no wonder the match against Crystal Palace was awful.

The final went exactly as we expected. With United putting on early pressure, then fading as we soaked it up and began to impose our own game.

On television before the kick-off I predicted I would score a hat-trick. Maybe that was a bit optimistic, but I was certain all along I would score. I had to. In the four previous games I'd been given at least 20 chances — and scored from only one.



MEET "MR BROKEN BONES"

WHO is the most-injured man in British senior football?

Denis Smith, of Stoke City, must be in with a big shout. He has a "damages" record calculated to make even TV's bionic man shudder.

He has broken his right leg three times and his left twice. He has chipped his spine and fractured a collar bone.

He has broken his nose on four occasions. He has fractured an ankle and broken countless fingers and toes.

"I must be the most accident-prone bloke in the business," he says. "I even cut my head diving into a neighbour's swimming pool! I've had over a hundred stitches during my time in the game."

As you may have guessed, Denis is one of the bravest players around. He'd run through a brick wall to get in a last-ditch tackle or a scoring effort.

He doesn't complain much either. In one game at Leicester he carried on with a chipped bone in his spine.

Says the Stoke boss, Tony Waddington—"It wasn't until an X-ray after the match that we found out what it was. He shouldn't have been standing up let alone playing football."



A session
on the
weight
machine to
strengthen
muscles
after
injury.

RAM v SPUR



A biting tackle by Derby County's England international defender COLIN TODD (left) stops Tottenham Hotspur's CHRIS JONES getting in a shot.

There could hardly be greater contrast between this Ram and this Spur.


Todd is a veteran of over 400 games for County and previous club Sunderland, a regular in Don Revie's England team and a past Professional Footballer's Player of the Year.

Jones is a fast maturing youngster who made his debut the first game of the 1974—75 season.

One of the few League players to be born in the Channel Islands, the lanky raider made an immediate hit with Spurs' fans.

**TWO WITH
A TARGET**





THERE'S no holding back for these two rivals for a midfield place in England's World Cup squad.

On the left, **GERRY FRANCIS**, Queen's Park Rangers, battles it out with Scotland's Kenny Dalglish. It was this never-say-die spirit that prompted England manager Don Revie to name the Rangers' star as captain of his country last season.

But Gerry has a great deal more to offer than a fighting spirit. Rangers are famous for sweet-touch football—full of clever chips, lobbs and spin passes requiring masterly control.

When you have both spirit and skill, you have the makings of a true World Cup performer.

On the right, **TONY CURRIE**, seen here in the colours of his old club, Sheffield United, lines up a shot with his favourite left foot.

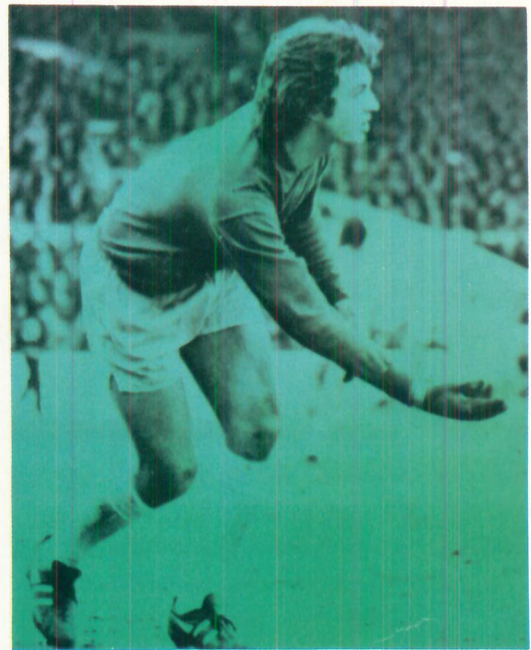
Currie was transferred during the summer to England manager Don Revie's old club, Leeds United.

A player many believe can match the world's greatest ball-playing artists, Currie will be hoping that his £250,000 move will help convince the England supremo he is worth a recall to the international scene.

Apart from his bagful of tricks in beating opponents, Currie is famous as one of the best long-range passers in British football.

It could be Don Revie will find room for both men in the England World Cup effort.

MERVYN DAY



The West Ham
goalkeeping ace
in portrait
and action.

EMLYN HUGHES



Liverpool's personality
internationalist, with
England manager
DON REVIE in
centre picture.

ACES FROM



CHRIS GUTHRIE
(Sheffield United)

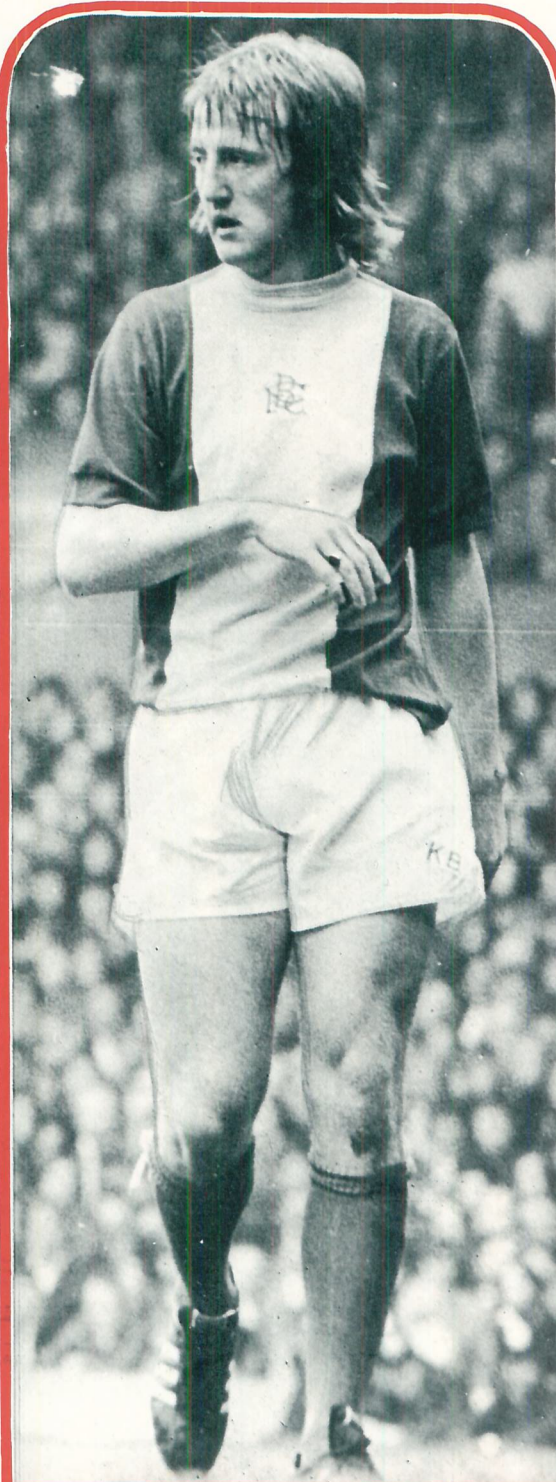


MICK MILLS
(Ipswich Town)

ALL PARTS




PAT McCLUSKEY
(Celtic)



KEN BURNS
(Birmingham City)


WATCH

THAT



The pointing finger of
GEORGE BURLEY (Ipswich
Town) takes in this four-
picture action gala.

*All players named
left to right.*



ALAN TAYLOR
(West Ham United)
and RON ABBOTT
(Queen's Park Rangers)



BRIAN GREENHOFF
(Manchester United)
and LEIGHTON PHILLIPS
(Aston Villa)

MAN!



**COLIN BELL (Manchester City) and
MARTIN CHIVERS (ex-Spurs)**



**ALAN BIRCHENALL,
BOB LEE.
CHRIS GARLAND,
(Leicester City)
and
TERRY MANCINI
DAVID O'LEARY
JIMMY RIMMER,
(Arsenal)**

MY WONDERFUL

ON the night of last year's Manchester United Supporters' Club dance it really came home to me that I was with THE club in Europe.

As I walked across the car park at Belle Vue, hundreds of fans were pouring off their coaches and making for the entrance.

The names on the coaches showed these people had travelled from all over the country to meet the players. They were present to salute THEIR team. And I was one of their heroes.

Just four weeks earlier, before I joined the Reds in a £60,000 deal, I was a part-time player with Tranmere Rovers in the Third Division.

Most of my time was spent trying to keep up my studies at Liverpool University where I was taking a degree in Economic History.

One Wednesday I got a 'phone call from Ron Yeats, then Tranmere's team manager. He told me United wanted to sign me. That I had to go down to Prenton Park to meet Tommy Docherty.

QUICK WORK

I didn't know what to think at first. I'd heard so much about Mr Docherty — about him being so forthright and controversial. But I was impressed by him. He seemed so sincere.

He let me talk the move over with my parents that evening. By the Thursday afternoon I was at Old Trafford signing for United and being introduced to my new team-mates.

It was some experience to be surrounded by famous players like Martin Buchan, Jim Holton and Willie Morgan.

Brian Greenhoff and Sammy McIlroy, who knew what it was like to join this great club as a youngster, took me under their wing. Ever since my early days at United I've shared a room with Brian on away trips. We've become close friends.

Most difficult for me was facing up to replacing the Old Trafford crowd's favourite — Willie Morgan. But I found Willie a tremendous fellow. Even though he must have been aware of why I'd been signed, he helped me settle in, lacing his talk with stories about old-time greats like Denis Law, Bobby Charlton and George Best.

Willie, of course, moved on to Burnley at the end of that season. I'll never forget how helpful he was to me.

Would you believe it — when I walked up the players' tunnel out on to Old Trafford to make my debut against Cardiff City, it was the first view I'd had of the ground!

When signing on the Thursday I had no time to

look around. Even as a young Liverpool supporter I'd never been to Old Trafford to watch a United-Liverpool game. I simply looked on them as deadly rivals.

I go for Old Trafford as the finest ground in the country. The stands are so big and impressive. More important, there's a fabulous atmosphere about the place. It's a joy to play there.

I still get excited when I drive on to the forecourt of the ground and see the huge Manchester United



WORLD . . .

By
STEVE COPPELL
Manchester United



Big surprise for RALPH COATES (Spurs) as STEVE COPPELL suddenly intervenes to take possession.

Football Club sign. I'm proud to think this is the home of the team I play for.

Before my transfer I hadn't had a holiday for five years. Being a student I tried to earn some extra money by taking holiday jobs. Delivering lemonade and picking beans were two of them.

Now I can afford to go away. And I also travel the world in style with the club.

I had been with United only four months when the first teamers flew out for a tour of Australia, New Zealand, Singapore and America.

Unfortunately I couldn't travel out on the first stage of the trip, because college hadn't ended. When I did join up with the party later in Hong Kong I was joined on the 19-hour flight by that famous man of football — Sir Matt Busby.

It was a tremendous experience talking to him. I can't remember anything I said myself, but I don't think I put my foot in it!

Perhaps the most unusual thing about the flight was the "war" that was taking place on the plane. There were parties of Pakistanis and Indians on board, and there seemed to be some sort of bitterness between them. The arguments became very heated.

I glanced at Sir Matt to see how he was reacting to this. Typically the man renowned for being unflappable was puffing happily away on his pipe. Contentedly looking out of the window at the view below as if nothing was happening.

SOUND EXPLOSION

I also do a fair amount of "on the ground" travelling during the football season — from home to ground. One of the best things about joining United was being allowed to stay at home.

I live with my parents between Liverpool and Manchester — at Widnes. I suppose I'm lucky this is strong Rugby League territory. Very few of the locals recognise me even though they've probably seen me on television.

While I was at university I could only manage one day a week at United's training ground with the rest of the first team.

But, during each holiday, I'd make the trip over each day. I also bought a new car to make the journey easier. Let's say the car wasn't brand new — just newer!

After playing in front of 3000 crowds in my Tranmere days the greatest enjoyment I get from being with United is seeing a big crowd go home happy after we've won.

After we scored a goal in a vital league game against Queen's Park Rangers last season I swear everyone on the ground was going wild.

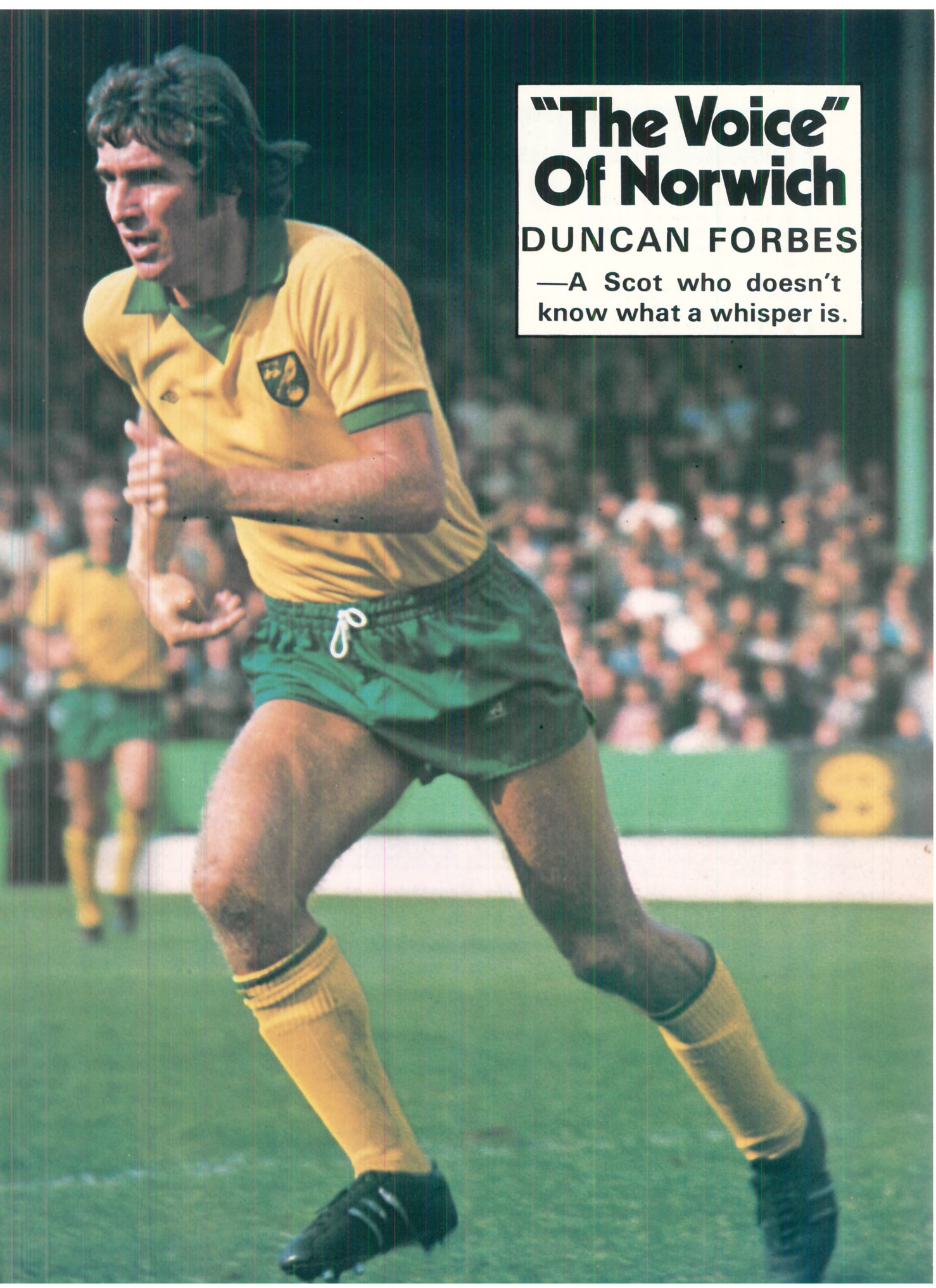
From experience as a lad I know that, on Liverpool's Kop, only a diamond shape of supporters in the middle really wave their scarves and sing. That day against Rangers everyone in our famous Stretford End was really letting it rip.

Being so well treated in such wonderful surroundings and having supporters such as these does a lot for a young player's ambitions. It's a wonderful world.

The Menace Of Martin

Spurs fans will remember how **MARTIN CHIVERS** used to storm in on goal. Here he is following up after the 'keeper has bravely pushed away a shot.





"The Voice" Of Norwich

DUNCAN FORBES

—A Scot who doesn't
know what a whisper is.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH...

Q. You have worn every outfield shirt in your time with Leeds United and England. Which position do you reckon is your best?

A. I had to wait a long time to become established with Leeds. So any number was fine by me if it meant a first-team place.

I suppose midfield is my natural position, but I have never queried a decision to use me elsewhere.

I used to think I didn't like playing centre-half. I had a long spell there last season and changed my mind. I enjoy football — full stop.

Q. Why have Leeds been so consistent over the past ten years?

A. Our old boss, Don Revie, was very fond of the word "character." It almost became our motto. We have always had players who were hungry for success. Never satisfied with second best.

Even in training, Norman Hunter, Billy Bremner and the rest would never dream of giving anything but full effort.

They have won their quota of honours, but they go out for the next game as if it were a cup final. That is the edge we have had over most other teams.

Q. Your biggest disappointment?

A. We have had our ration, but it has to be the European Cup final in Paris against Bayern Munich. When you play together as often as we have done you know when you have had a good game. You sense when you are the better team. We knew we were playing Bayern off the park, but we couldn't get the ball in the net. And, then, the referee chalked off a Peter Lorimer goal. That was a sad night for everyone connected with Leeds.

Q. Most satisfying moment?

A. No hesitation. The 1972 F.A. Cup final against Arsenal. We played some great stuff, wrapping it all up with a wonderful header from Allan Clarke. I've never seen so much joy in a dressing-room.

Q. You have travelled the world — any favourite places?

A. Players don't really see very much on foreign trips. It's a case of airport to hotel to stadium to airport.



PAUL MADELEY

"Mr Versatile" of Leeds United answers a batch of pointed questions

But, one year, we stayed in Norway — at a ski resort just outside Oslo. Right beside a spectacular giant ski jump. And the scenery was breathtaking.

Q. Best player faced in Europe?

A. By reputation Johan Cruyff. Yet I wasn't too impressed when we played against him. He is very quick and difficult to tackle.

But, playing for Barcelona, he kept pretty wide out, and our full-back, Trevor Cherry, hardly gave him a kick at the ball.

The man who caught my fancy most was Bene of Ujpest Dozsa. He was swift and direct. If he saw a space in front he was off like a shot. Effective and great to watch.

Q. You must have had some odd experiences on your travels?

A. How right. Continentals come up with some fancy tricks. You find there is a mysterious shortage of training balls and gear. Now we always take our own.

One visit to Belgium took some beating. We arrived to play Standard Liege and the gateman wouldn't believe we were Leeds United. He wouldn't let us in. Half the team managed to slip past. The rest of us were stuck outside arguing the toss. There



a tense moment for England's top "backroom" men — **LES COCKER** and **DON REVIE**. Below — **JOHNNY GILES**, the West Brom manager, who did so much to make Leeds tick.

THE BIG SECRET AT LEEDS

was a bit of a scuffle before we managed to convince the officials.

Q. Favourite opponent in this country?

A. Anybody who sets me no problems! Seriously, I do admire Liverpool's Kevin Keegan. He has great skill. And he isn't one to hang about and wait for the ball to reach him. He works flat out for the 90 minutes. He is the perfect example for any young player, because he has the will to make his skill count.

Q. Anything we have to learn from the Continentals?

A. I think we could follow their example and cut down on the number of fixtures in a season.

I know people say footballers should be able to play two or three games a week. Well, I'm as fit as the next man, but, come March, I get pretty weary.

If we played fewer games I am sure British clubs and 'national teams would be much more effective. There is a limit to the number of times you can build



yourself up to the level needed for vital games.

Q. On the international front Don Revie makes a lot of fuss about getting his players together before an international. Why?

A. Any team that has ever been successful has needed understanding. If you don't see your teammates for months on end you can't build up that relationship.

With Leeds, when I get a ball under pressure I know instinctively where most of the lads will be positioned. I know I can bang a ball upfield to Joe Jordan, and I know which side he wants it and what he will do with it. That gives me confidence. It gives the team that precious feeling they are not working as individuals.

If you don't have that, Wembley or a huge foreign stadium can be a mighty lonely place. That is why Don Revie wants time to get his players together.

Q. You have known Don Revie for ten years. Will he make a success of England's World Cup effort?

A. There is no manager better qualified. He is a fanatic about detail and pride in self and team. The England squad will never have experienced such passionate team talks as they will get from D.R. It is beginning to rub off. Players from all parts identify with England the same way they do with their own clubs.

Q. Having said that, can England win the World Cup in 1978?

A. They have the ability. No question about that. But history proves it is desperately hard for countries to win when they are not playing close to home in the World Cup.

This next tournament is in South America. Pitches and conditions there vary a lot from those in England. If Don Revie pulls it off he will have done a fantastic job. I believe he is the only man who could lift an England side to that level.

Q. How do you relax from football?

A. I have a lot of work in connection with my business. I am a partner in a string of decorating supply shops. So I treasure my spare time.

I play an occasional game of tennis, but am never happier than just pottering around the house. I enjoy a bit of do-it-yourself. I'm also fond of walks in the country or the local park with my children.



LAUGH-TIME

WHEN Jimmy Sirrel took over the sinking ship called Sheffield United, he likened his predicament to war-time days he spent in the Navy.

"It's a difficult situation, but have you ever been at sea surrounded by U-boats?" he asked.

"This is nothing compared with that . . ."

☆ ☆ ☆

A YOUNG player who had made himself a whack of money from a transfer left a rather squalid home to take over a fine club house.

He told his former team-mates — "It's so posh my wife washes the floors with scented soap."

☆ ☆ ☆

THE club seemed to be heading for relegation, but its directors had decided the boardroom and offices should be given a face-lift.

Visitors being shown round by the manager were full of praise.

"This is a great place you've got here," said one. The manager shook his head sadly . . .

"This would be a great place if it weren't for the football," he said.

☆ ☆ ☆

THERE is always a bit of chat goes on during a game as opponents try to get an edge over each other.

So it was at Coventry when Scottish international winger, Tommy Hutchison, was opposed to Liverpool's tough-tackling Tommy Smith.

Said the Coventry man — "You won't catch me today. Bet you a week's wages I'll skin you over a hundred yards."

Came this reply from the tough Liverpudlian —

"Fair enough, but let's have another bet. This time we'll put the ball down, both back off ten yards in opposite directions — then see who is first to the ball!"

A RABID Liverpool fan returned home from working night shift to be met by his distressed neighbour.

"I've bad news for you," he said. "Your wife's run off with your best friend, your car's been stolen, your house burned down and, on top of that, Liverpool lost 3-2."

"I can't understand it," wailed the fan. "They were 2-0 up at half-time."



It's a laugh — for
ALEC MacDONALD, Rangers

A PLAYER with a droll sense of humour is former Everton Scot, John McLaughlan.

During a practice match, full-back John gave a pass to a team-mate in his own penalty box.

The ball was switched forward with five players brilliantly passing it around before a sixth cracked home a great shot.

The Scot surveyed the scene, then turned to the coach.

"You've got to admit I lay on some great goals for this lot!"

WHEN Spurs 'keeper, Pat Jennings, was voted "Player of the Year" he made a speech at the presentation banquet.

Looking across to the table where several of his Spurs team-mates were sitting, he started — "I would just like to thank our defence for making this award possible!"

☆ ☆ ☆

TWO flies were climbing out of a saucer after a hard game against the fleas.

"Phew, that was tough," said one.

"It'll be worse next week," said the other.

"We're playing in the cup."

☆ ☆ ☆

LATE in the second half of the most diabolically dreary evening game there was a floodlight failure.

A voice from the rain-soaked and bored crowd was heard to moan — "That's all we need. Bad play stops light."

☆ ☆ ☆

AN England tour under Sir Alf Ramsey saw the party share training H.Q. with Russians.

One morning, when the England players were sitting around the swimming pool, Sir Alf came out with a handful of envelopes containing their spending money.

Goalkeeper Gordon Banks, who had done National Service, immediately jumped to his feet, approached Sir Alf

and came to attention.

"578, Banks, Sir," he shouted, saluting meanwhile.

Sir Alf cottoned on to the joke and returned the salute before handing Banks his envelope.

The rest of the England players followed, each saluting the Boss as they got their envelopes.

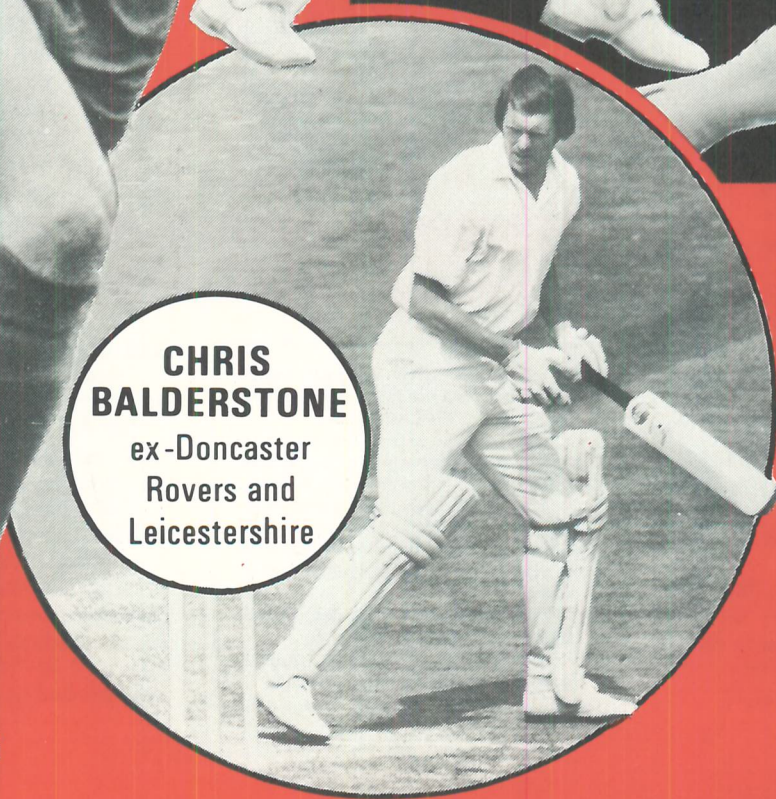
While all this was going on, the Russians were gathered at their hotel windows — quite amazed by the kind of "discipline" the poor English had to put up with.

TWO-GAME TO

THEY'RE LEAGUE FOOTBALLERS



**CHRIS
BALDERSTONE**
ex-Doncaster
Rovers and
Leicestershire

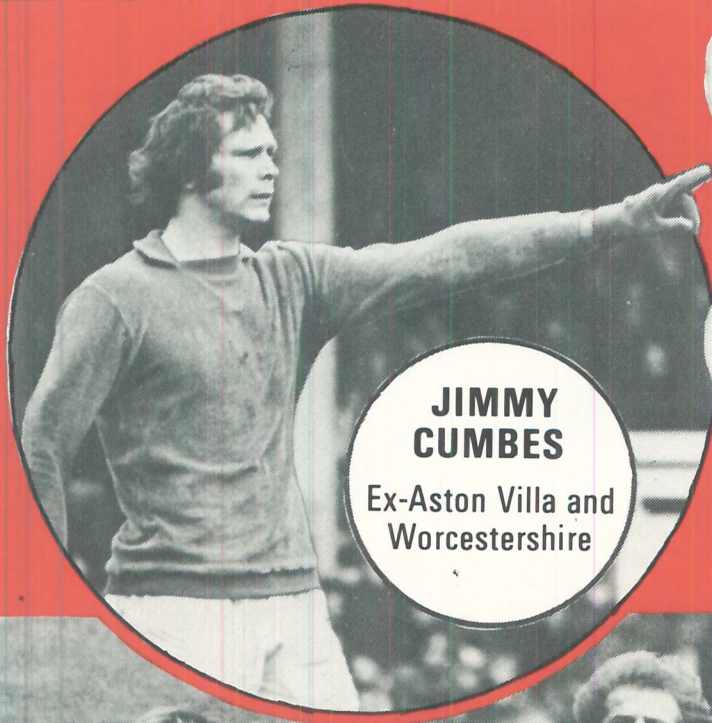


**GRAHAM
CROSS**

Brighton
and
Leicestershire

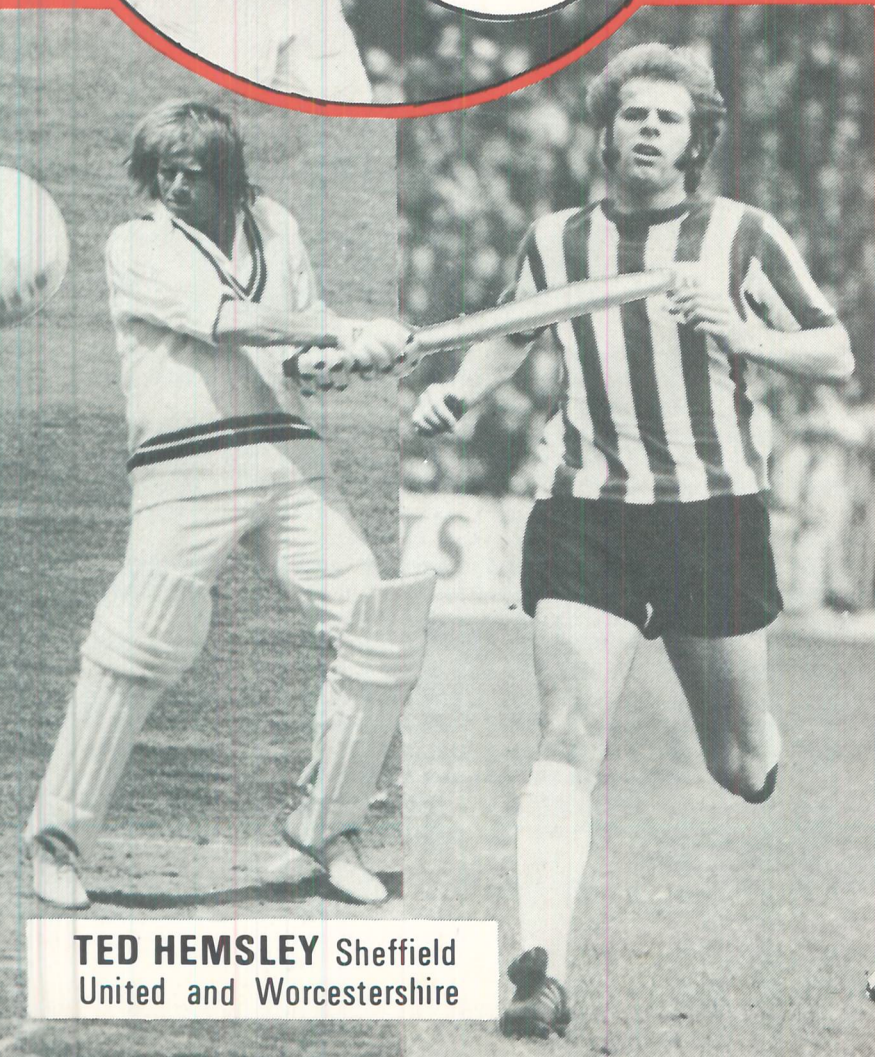
TOP-NOTCHERS

AND COUNTY CRICKETERS



**JIMMY
CUMBES**

Ex-Aston Villa and
Worcestershire



TED HEMSLEY Sheffield
United and Worcestershire

ON my 18th birthday on the 2nd of last May, I had to say to myself—"That was a year, that was."

For these previous 12 months had contained for me—a first-team debut for Arsenal, 28 consecutive matches as first-choice centre-half, and a place in the Eire international squad.

All of it so unexpected. Not many players can have been so lucky. I just hope my good fortune holds. It plays a big part in a footballer's career.

In the summer of 1975 I was home in Dublin taking it easy after a season of youth team and reserve football at Highbury.

I kept reading in the papers about Arsenal bidding for Dave Watson—then with Sunderland—and being interested in other centre-halves. But when I reported back to Highbury in July for training, no signing had been made.

Having passed my 17th birthday during the summer, the manager called me in to his office to sign as a full professional. He told me the club was still looking for a centre-half—Dave Watson had joined Manchester City—but that if I did well I would be getting a chance to prove myself.

That sounded good to me. After a few weeks I was even more pleased to find I was included in the party for the pre-season trip to Scotland.

Then came the big surprise. I was named in the league side for the first match of the season at Burnley. I could hardly believe it! And everything that has happened since has been equally wonderful.

Yet, if Dave Watson had signed for Arsenal instead of City I would still be a reserve at Highbury—and happy to be a First Division second-teamer at 18, too!

PATIENCE THE WATCHWORD

In those first few weeks of the season I was "carried" by the established Arsenal first-teamers. I must have played reasonably well, but I know so much was due to the help of men like Terry Mancini, Pat Rice and Alan Ball.

Before every match Alan Ball would take me aside in the dressing-room and detail just what to expect from the striker I would be facing. Alan has so much experience he could spell out the strengths of my opponents.

"Henry" Mancini and Pat Rice gave me the practical help out on the pitch. The sort of covering work that is not always appreciated from the stands by the average fan. I made mistakes, but I never got a roasting from my team-mates.

Patience with young players is practised at Highbury, where team spirit is also quite fantastic. Last season we were near the foot of the table for most of the time. Judging by dressing-room atmosphere, you'd have thought we were at the top!

I sensed this sort of special feeling as soon as I arrived as a 14-year-old for a trial. I was supposed to stay for two weeks to see how I liked it—and how they liked me. After five days I knew Arsenal was the club



SPIDER—

The six-footer who weighed only 10 stone

By **DAVID O'LEARY** *Arsenal*

for me—and almost prayed for them to sign me. All the time knowing there was a place with Manchester United for me if I wanted it.

There's simply something special about Arsenal. And I don't think my feeling that way has anything to do with the fact I was born within walking distance at Stoke Newington. I was only two weeks old when my parents moved back to Dublin!

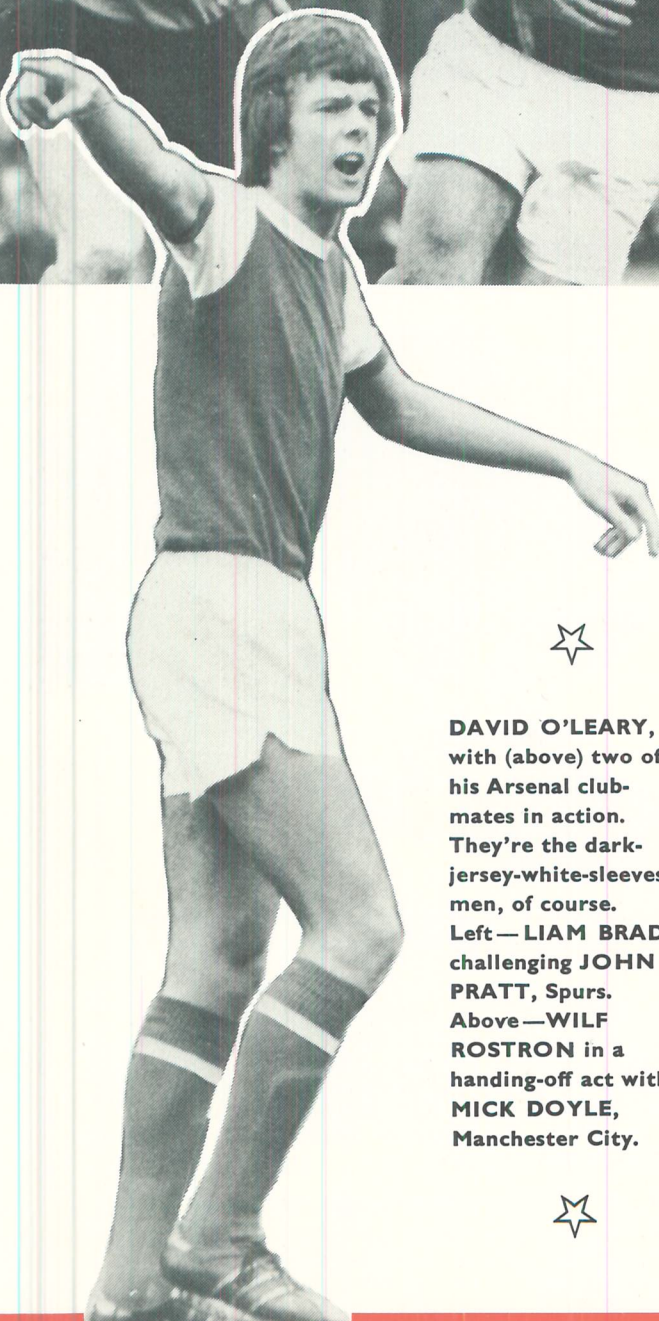
Birth in London gave me qualification to play for England if I wanted to try for it. But that never entered my head. I'm Irish and proud of it.

It would be hard to meet a happier bunch than the Eire international squad. We have a lot of fun.

At Highbury there's also plenty of dressing-room "ribbing." Mainly it has to do with the player featured on the match-day programme. Get your picture in the programme and you can expect some "stick."

Camaraderie is fostered from the moment of a youngster's arrival. In particular, by chief scout Gordon Clark.

He has been like a father to me ever since he



★

DAVID O'LEARY,
with (above) two of
his Arsenal club-
mates in action.
They're the dark-
jersey-white-sleeves
men, of course.
Left—**LIAM BRADY**
challenging **JOHN**
PRATT, Spurs.
Above—**WILF**
ROSTRON in a
handing-off act with
MICK DOYLE,
Manchester City.

★

spotted me playing for Shelbourne in Dublin and brought me over for a trial. That was shortly after I had visited Manchester United.

Right away he nicknamed me "Spider." Naturally enough. Then, at 14, I was already well over six feet tall. All arms and legs. I weighed less than 10 stones.

I was put in great "digs" with Mrs Louis at Enfield. She had instructions to feed me up in a big way. But Arsenal have never tried to increase my strength with extra weight training or anything physical.

Indeed, up to this season, I have been more or less wrapped in cotton wool. Also, until I made the league team, I was never allowed to play more than one game a week.

When I did get in the side, even if I was only playing one match a week, I did very little mid-week training. I would report to the training ground and then hang around watching the other lads sweating through a hard session.

Sometimes I'd be given an extra day off to put my feet up. I never did any physical work at all if we played two games in a week. This was all designed to help me conserve energy.

Anyhow, it worked. I was able to play 28 first-team games in a row before dropping out with a hamstring injury. And, last season, my weight went up from 11 stone to over 12.

Now I feel I'm near to the best weight for my height—6 ft. 2 ins.—and position. And I'm sweating it out with the rest of the lads in training!

PUTTING A SHOUT IN IT

My partner in defence, Ritchie Powling, was the opposite to me. Gordon Clark nicknamed him "Tubby." He had firm instructions to be careful what he ate, so to make sure he didn't put on weight.

Arsenal extended their family touch in my case. While I was an apprentice they made sure I went back to Dublin every six weeks to see my parents.

And Gordon Clark saw to it that, Tuesday and Saturday, I had plenty 10p pieces. That was because there was no phone at my digs and I had to ring my parents from a public call box!

My father works hard as a carpenter. Seeing him doing a nine-to-five day makes me realise how lucky I am to be a footballer, with plenty time to play golf and the opportunity to travel.

This year I'm trying to put a shout into my game. Pat Rice has always told me I'm too quiet on the field—insisting I should be making myself heard a lot more. So I'm practising calling to team-mates all the time in training, trying to get used to doing so in a match.

Last season we finished just too near the danger mark in the First Division. But I feel Arsenal can do well in the future.

Wonderful as it is to be in the Eire international squad, it's at Highbury I want to do well. I want to repay them—by helping to win a major trophy.

I'm still only 18. I have plenty of time yet.

THAT SOMETHING EXTRA . . .

*Players who add it to their
rig of the day*

NOW football boots have distinguishing colour marks, use of eye-catching white laces is out.

But black laces have always been the choice of Pat Stanton, captain of Hibs.

For the elegant midfielder from Edinburgh — pictured here — this was simply one of these little “eccentricities” of dress and grooming, maybe involving superstition, that are indulged in by many other players.

Like these here . . .

JOHN BURRIDGE, Aston Villa goalkeeper



This was no intended style worn by **RITCHIE POWLING** of Arsenal. His pants merely suffered in a grabbing act.

NOTHING will do than his own special gloves. These are an ordinary pair into the palm of which he sews a piece of towelling.

This started when he was a schoolboy. While shops sold patented gloves — as used by Banks, Shilton and the rest — they cost around £6 a pair. So John found his own method of giving a grip to a 75p pair of gloves out of Woolworths.

**NORMAN HUNTER
Leeds United**

WHETHER playing in league or international game, he always goes to the mirror at half-time to comb and brush his hair. Idea is he comes out for second half looking and feeling as if he is just starting the match.

**MIKE DOYLE
Manchester City
skipper**

INTO the gym for a pre-match warm up playing head tennis. It's a “must” for Mike. Although his shorts are



still laundry-fresh when he gets back to dressing-room, he insists on a fresh pair before leading his team down the tunnel.

JOE CORRIGAN, Manchester City 'keeper

IF it's raining Joe has his gloves taped at the wrist before he leaves the dressing-room. He also has a superstition about shaking hands with the gloves on. If a well-wisher comes in late, Joe has to take off his gloves to shake hands. Then it's back to trainer to get the gloves taped up again.

MARTIN BUCHAN, Manchester United captain

UNITED first team have their boots cleaned and polished by ground staff before each game. But Buchan always gets a tin of boot polish and a brush and gives them another shine.



PETER BONETTI on FOOTBALL in U.S.A.

PELE — greatest player ever.

Bobby Moore — most capped England man and skipper of 1966 World Cup-winning side.

Geoff Hurst, only player to score a hat-trick in a World Cup Final.

Dave Clements, ex-team manager of Northern Ireland.

George Best, Britain's biggest post-war crowd-puller.

Rodney Marsh, show-biz style "striker."

These and dozens of other big-name players have been in summertime action in the United States.

(Continued on next page)

GUYS, GOALS and GIMMICKS GALORE

HAZARDS OF THE FIBRE PITCHES

The most powerful country in the world is now fully aware of world-rating in football — and what it can mean to prestige.

Sometimes they even reckon England got more acclaim for winning the World Cup in 1966 than the United States got for putting a man on the moon. The same with Brazil in 1970 and West Germany in 1974.

Football in the U.S.A. is now very much on the up and up.

One strong supporter of this view is Peter Bonetti. An England man in World Cup 1970. A 'keeper with Chelsea for some seventeen seasons. A man who has played in the States.

Peter goes further — he believes North America can produce a side to challenge the world within the next decade. He says . . .

The Americans are now approaching football in the same way they approach almost anything. They have to be the best in the world. Indeed, in some ways, they rather resent having to catch up on the rest.

Up till now, their great national sports have been grid football, baseball and basketball.

Because of this, football was at one time slow moving — a lot of Americans giving the impression they did not like to think they were taking up a "foreign" game. They believe so much in their own traditions.

As Americans also don't like to see "foreigners" dominating the domestic scene, I know the signing of big-name stars from South America and Europe is just a stop-gap.

They have now been teaching football in schools for some twenty years. It has built up in the last ten years. Their own youngsters are beginning to come through. It'll take a while yet, but, when the U.S.A. start producing their own youngsters from their own talent, they will have arrived as a new soccer power.

I played with St Louis All Stars. The playing strength of the club consisted almost entirely of American youngsters. I was impressed with their skill, but they lacked technique. They were short of the positional sense that comes with good coaching.

As much as anything else, the United States need good coaches. In fact, they need coaches to coach the coaches.

With their vast population, including the so-agile negro stock, the United States produce world-class sportsmen for every other sport. Once they appreciate the finer points of soccer, then they will have all their own talent.

Really, they aren't doing too badly now. I suppose general standard is on level with our Third Division and gates in line with our Second Division.

St Louis had average attendances of around 8000. Some teams get crowds of between 15,000 and 20,000. While I was with St Louis we played Portland in a championship semi-final. A record crowd of 33,000 turned up.

At the moment, money paid to players in the United States is not fabulous — apart from the million-dollar contract for a big name like Pele. The average

player seldom gets much more than £100 a week — not very high by general American standards.

The States may be learning about football from the established football countries, but they also have so much to teach us about selling the game.

They have their cheer leaders before the start. A couple of dozen girls dressed up in snappy uniforms.

They get the crowd in the mood, and are back again to do the same at half-time. Then there are big bands "live" to entertain the fans. None of your pop-record broadcasts there.

All clubs try all kinds of gimmicks to attract crowds and publicity. They'll give away thousands of T-shirts to the kids at the match. Kick footballs into the crowd. Sing to the fans, maybe. Anything that attracts more people through the gates.

The clubs are also sponsored by big commercial companies. With, in time, the club promoting the products of the company concerned. It all helps keep money pouring into the game. It's something that will have to be extended in Britain.

There is also a vastly different attitude to the Press and television. Everyone bends over backwards to get the club a mention in newspapers and on TV or radio. Here, TV coverage of games is restricted. In U.S.A. they welcome as much TV as possible to continue the "big sell" of the game.

Occasionally, the TV people go a little too far. One of my televised games with St Louis was stopped six times to fit in commercial breaks.

Playing pitches are quite good — often of man-made fibre. This means the ball runs true, but conditions can sometimes be a little hard on a goalkeeper. The "turf" has a nylon-type base. It can cause nasty burning to anyone sliding. I dived once and came up with a burn on my arm — bad enough to still cause me a little trouble when playing for Chelsea last season.

From all this you will have gathered football in the United States impressed me. Some of their ideas would not go down too well with FIFA — like that stopping of a game — but a lot of the ideas keep the game bright and moving.

For instance, there is no such thing as a drawn match. If it's a draw at the end of normal time, an extra 15 minutes is played. First team to score in this period wins the match. If no one scores in extra time, penalties are used to decide.

A team gets six points for a win, and one point for every goal scored up to three. A team winning 4-3 would collect nine points, the losers three points. No one plays safe. They all go out for a win.

At the moment, apart from imported players, football is played on a part-time basis. Perhaps four full-time players and the rest training on Tuesday and Thursday evenings — rather like English non-league clubs and many Scottish clubs.

But I don't think it will take so very long for the U.S.A. to arrive as a big power on the world football scene.

**I DIVED
— AND
BURNED
MY ARM**



HOLLAND

*The sea that
was just TOO
cruel.*

CYPRUS

*A most
embarrassing
world tie.*



WOULD you like to know what the Irish international squad talk about when they get together? Well — they tell Irish jokes!

Most try to collect as many as possible. Meeting for an international they try to outdo each other for the best.

Irishmen — the footballers anyway — are not embarrassed by the spate of jokes told against their race. They give us as much fun as anyone else.

I have been all over the world with the Northern Ireland team and my different club sides. I've had laughs and scares in equal amounts. Like in my first-ever football trip abroad.

GOALKEEPING MAGIC

I was a 17-year-old with Coleraine at the time. We drew Dynamo Kiev in the first round of the European Cup-Winners' Cup. Which was a real thrill for a teenager.

Kiev were 6-1 ahead from the first tie in Ireland — but there were still over 100,000 fans in the stadium for leg No. 2.

It maybe sounds Irish, but we played really well and lost 4-0! Their goalkeeper, Bannikov, was magic. The rest of the team must have been taking it easy. We had tons of chances, but couldn't put them away. They scored four more, almost every time they attacked us, to make the aggregate score 10-1.

My first impressions of Russia weren't very favourable. We weren't allowed to go anywhere after the game, and the townspeople all seemed very down-trodden.

When we first arrived at our hotel reception desk, we were kept waiting for three hours to check in. I thought it was a mistake — but on other occasions

TRAIL-BLAZING

RUSSIA

***A big cold
shoulder in
Kiev.***

ITALY

***Rome's mad
mob scared
us stiff.***



PAT JENNINGS —
like a cricketer taking a catch

I've been back to Russia the same thing has happened.

There was one really funny moment. At our after-match meal one of the lads asked for ice-cream. Back came the answer via an interpreter — "Very sorry, but if you want ice-cream you must let us know two days in advance."

Playing with Ipswich against Lazio in Rome was the most frightening experience of all my foreign trips. It was a U.E.F.A. Cup game. We travelled with a 4-0 lead from the first leg.

That match was unbelievable. And that's an understatement . . .

Lazio were obviously prepared to do anything to get back the four goals. They were kicking and punching us even in front of the referee. Trevor Whymark,

scorer of all our goals in the first game, was laid out with a punch while the ball was nowhere near.

One Lazio player butted the linesman. The official just walked away. Had he taken any action there would have been a riot.

We were struggling against all this, trying to keep out of trouble more than anything else. Then, suddenly, with tremendous courage, the ref awarded us a penalty for hand-ball. Colin Viljoen, equally bravely, put it away — and was chased the whole way back to his position by an Italian intent on kicking him!

But the real "fun" started at the final whistle. As we sprinted off we had to run the gauntlet of home players in the tunnel. A squad of police with batons were looking on, but they took no action as the Lazio players kicked and punched us.

We kept as calm as possible, and once in the dressing-room, locked the door. Some of us leaned against it to keep it from being forced. We managed.

STORMY NIGHT AT SEA

A different story was our trip last season to play Feyenoord in Rotterdam. It was decided to go by boat from Felixstowe — just down the road — rather than go to London to catch a plane.

The idea was good, had we not picked a bad night to be out on the Channel. It was blowing a gale as we set out.

I reckon I played it shrewdly. Back home, as a youngster, I could become seasick in a fairground swingboat. So I was wary of the sea trip.

I went to bed as soon as I got on board. Most of the others sat around in the buffet. When we sailed I got up — while the others went to bed. And I finished up the only person in the party not seasick.

I felt sorry for some of my mates. They were really ill. The ship was rolling about all over the place. We learned afterwards the stabilisers were out of action. Anyway, practically the whole party staggered ashore at Rotterdam in no shape for a European game.

But we still managed to beat Feyenoord 2-1 despite the super efforts of their Dutch World Cup star, Van Hanegem.

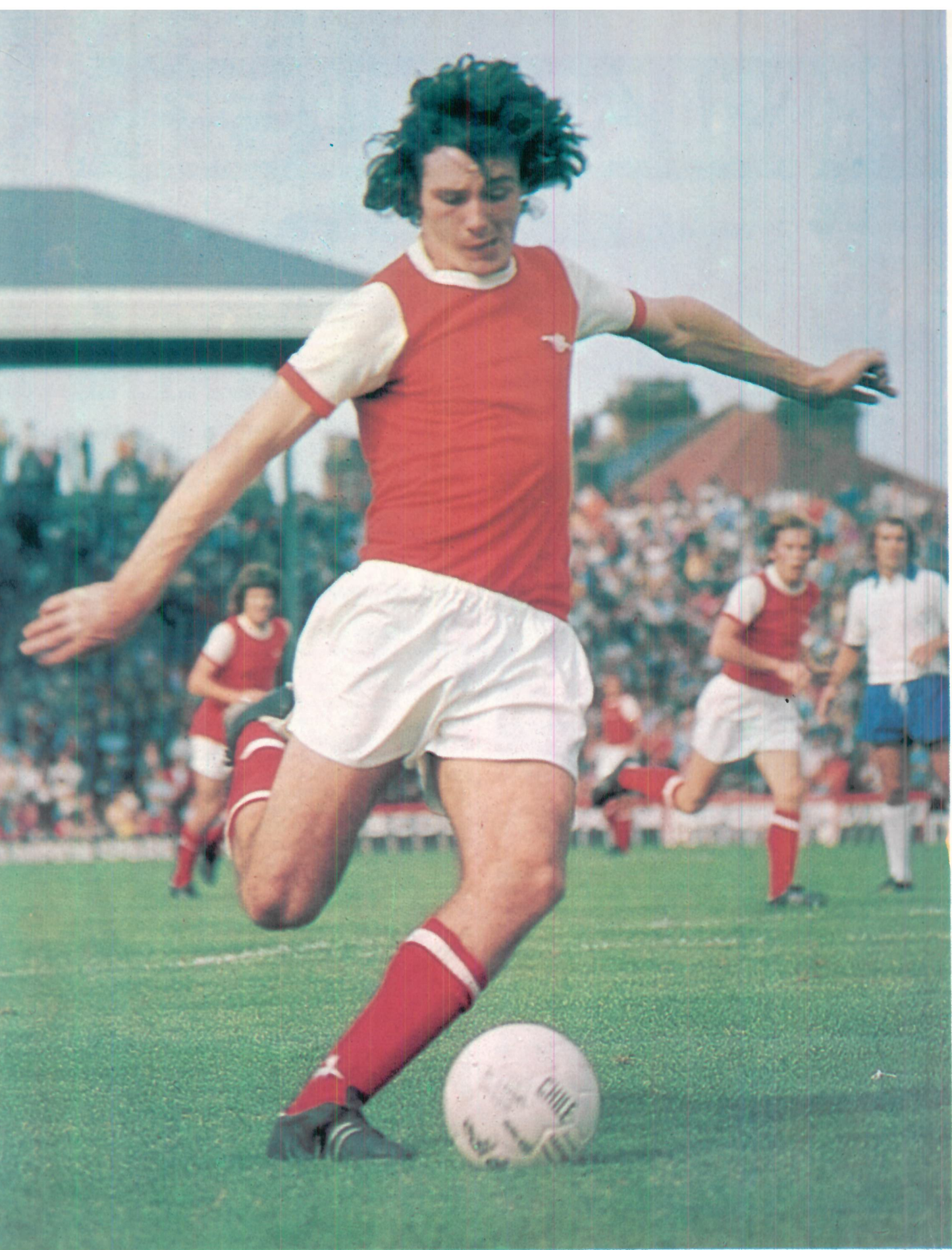
A highly embarrassing experience was losing a World Cup qualifying match to little Cyprus in 1973. On paper our group wasn't a very tough one — Bulgaria, Portugal and Cyprus being the others — but disaster hit us in Nicosia.

I'll never forget watching their goal go past Pat Jennings, the 'keeper who makes saves like a cricketer taking a catch. It's maybe the only time I have seen big Pat nonplussed. We did everything but equalise. Derek Dougan volleyed two "goals" that were disallowed for no apparent reason. Bryan Hamilton had another wiped off.

It was the saddest of nights for us. We finished knowing our World Cup hopes were in ruins.

with

ALLAN HUNTER
Ipswich Town



SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE WILKINS

A FOOTBALL FORUM WITH A DIFFERENCE

SEASON 1975-76 was a fantastic one for Ray (Butch) Wilkins.

He spent it as skipper of Chelsea, after being given the appointment the previous season.

When, at just 18 years old, he became the youngest team captain in the First Division.

Chelsea failed to win promotion, but Ray Wilkins won England Under-23 caps and made England senior reckoning when he played for the Football League v. the Scottish League at Hampden Park and for the England side in the May-time tournament in U.S.A.

He is probably the brightest teenager prospect in Don Revie's notebook for the 1978 World Cup. A player with a true football pedigree.

You need to be a deep-dyed football man to move into the Wilkins' family home at Hayes (Middlesex) for Saturday night's "Match of the Day" on TV — or Sunday afternoon's "Big Match."

The Wilkins could be a family to challenge the Charltons of the North-East. There are four brothers — Ray, Chelsea skipper; Graham, Chelsea full-back; Stephen, an apprentice professional at Stamford Bridge; Dean, member of the Hillingdon and Middlesex boys' side who trains on the Queen's Park Rangers ground at Shepherd's Bush.

Plus their father, George, a very good inside-forward with Brentford. He played for the Griffin Park outfit when they were a top First Division side.

But maybe the top expert of the family is Mrs Winn Wilkins — mother of this footballing family.

"She probably knows more about the game than any of us," says Ray. "Along with my father, she watches football all the time. Dean always gets their attention on a Saturday morning. Then Chelsea in the afternoon. Sometimes they watch three matches in a day."

(Continued on next page)



By RAY ("BUTCH") WILKINS, Chelsea

DIVIDEND FROM "THE LITTLE WORLD CUP"

"Travel to away matches is no bother. They believe in keeping their intentions quiet. So, when we come off the coach at places like Bolton, chances are we find them both waiting at the entrance.

"When we get home at night we all sit around the 'box' and watch the TV match. Dad will look at a player and say he can't do this or that. I'll make the point that he has other assets, and the arguments go on and on.

"But it's usually Mum who has the last word. When I took over as captain of Chelsea she told me I was not snappy enough. She was right. Vital speed for any player is over the first ten yards. So I worked at it in pre-season training."

The result was that Ray Wilkins established himself at Stamford Bridge last season, with international recognition as an extra. From being a "bright youngster" he became a very confident young player.

"I had no doubts at all when asked to take over as captain of Chelsea," he says. "I suppose I have always been a player who wants to be involved. To shout my head off no matter whether I carry the ball out or not.

"Also I found myself accepted by the senior players. Fellows like Charlie Cooke and Ron Harris gave me all the support they could. I was never made to feel I was a youngster among a lot of old hands.

"I had not had a lot of experience as a captain with Chelsea. I'd never skippered the Youth side and had only captained the reserves in a handful of games.

"But I think I learned a lot as captain of the England Youth side that won the 'Little World Cup' in Switzerland. That was a dream.

"I was not only captain, but scored the winning goal in the final against Finland.

A BIG ADVANTAGE

"Last season with Chelsea was really quite amazing. As the months went by we all became more confident. In the later matches the pressure was off. Young players in the team were able to express themselves. We all grew up.

"So, out of my first full season, I got this load of confidence. Not only as skipper of the side on the field, but also as someone who had to talk to the Press and TV. That doesn't come all that easily to every young player.

"Last season, at Stamford Bridge, we hoped for promotion. It didn't come off, but I think we will very soon have the league status to match our magnificent ground.

"An advantage we have is that so many of our young players have experience against Continental opposition — through playing abroad with the Youth team.

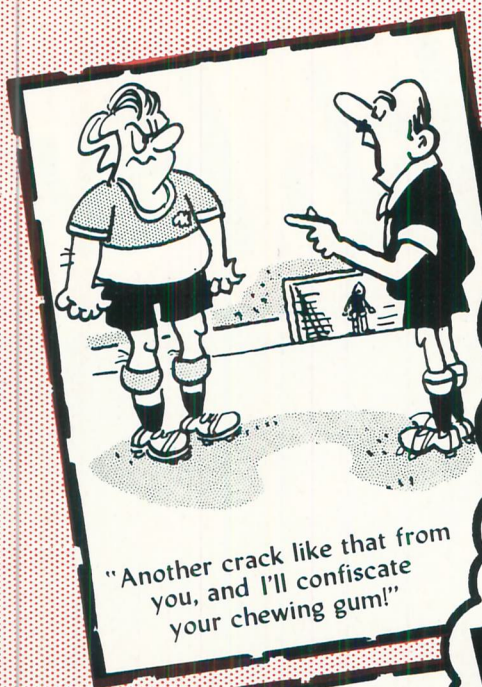
"There you learn all about finding 'space' and making best use of it. As well as countering all the difficult marking-up foreigners now indulge in.

"For my progress in the game I owe a lot to an awful lot of people in football. But the most I owe is to my family background.

"We four boys have always had tremendous encouragement from our parents. And we're still not too big to be slapped down if we step out of line."



WHO is the footballer with the most exciting job? It could be **DAVIE PARIS**, who was with the Scottish First Division club, Montrose, last season. Centre-forward Paris is a helicopter pilot employed by a firm who serve North Sea oil rigs. He is now playing in Highland League football.

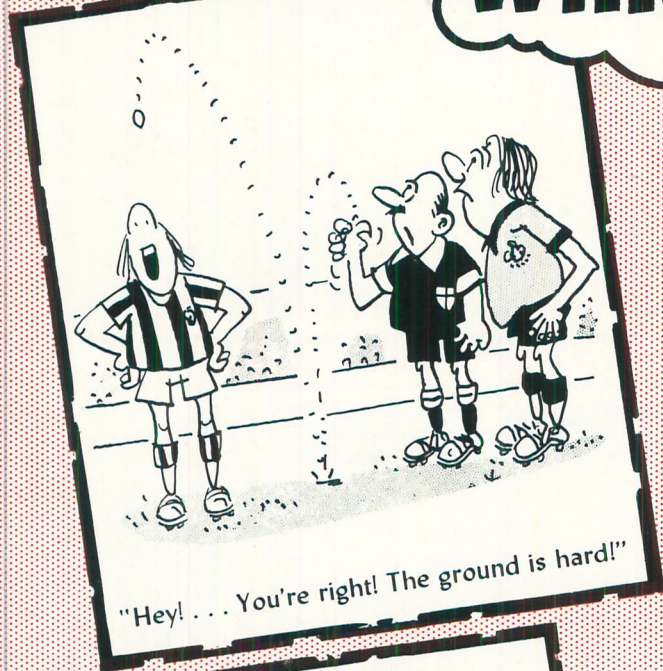


"Another crack like that from you, and I'll confiscate your chewing gum!"

THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE



"Fford-Smythe, with two 'f's' an' a hyphen!"



"Hey! . . . You're right! The ground is hard!"



"Is he able to ask for an autograph while that other player is having a rest . . . Dad?"



"Hold it! The game hasn't started yet!"



"Hey! What's that stuff you've got on your hair?"

Just The Job For



A Touchline Artist

Mr JEFF MOORE, of Liverpool, gets around quite a bit painting football action from the sidelines. These camera shots of GERRY FRANCIS scoring for Queens Park Rangers (top)—and accepting acclaim afterwards — would have been something to put on canvas.







PAT HOLLAND, West Ham United



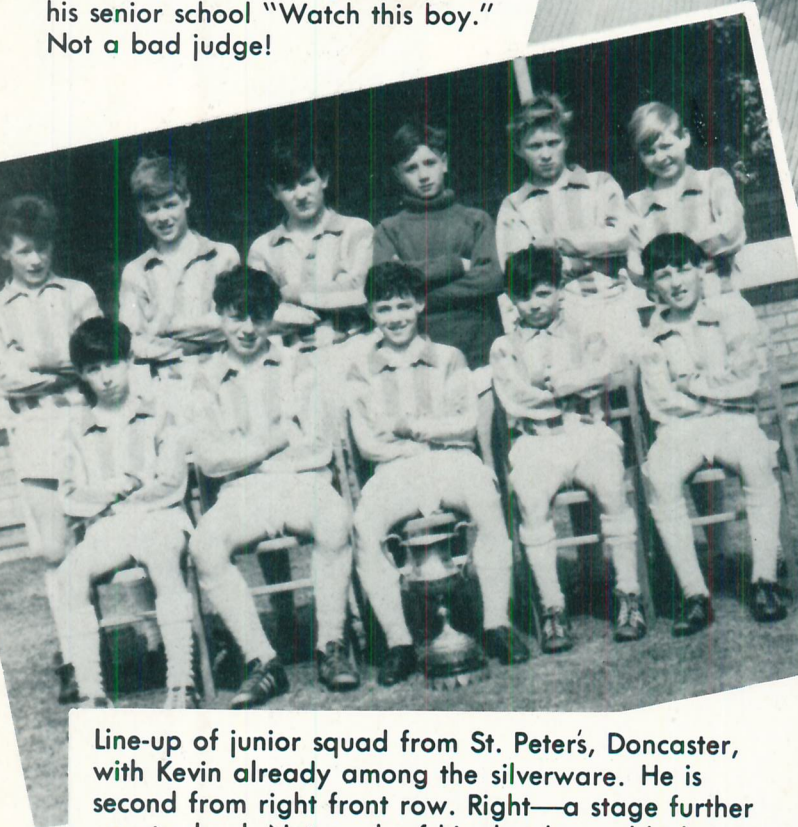
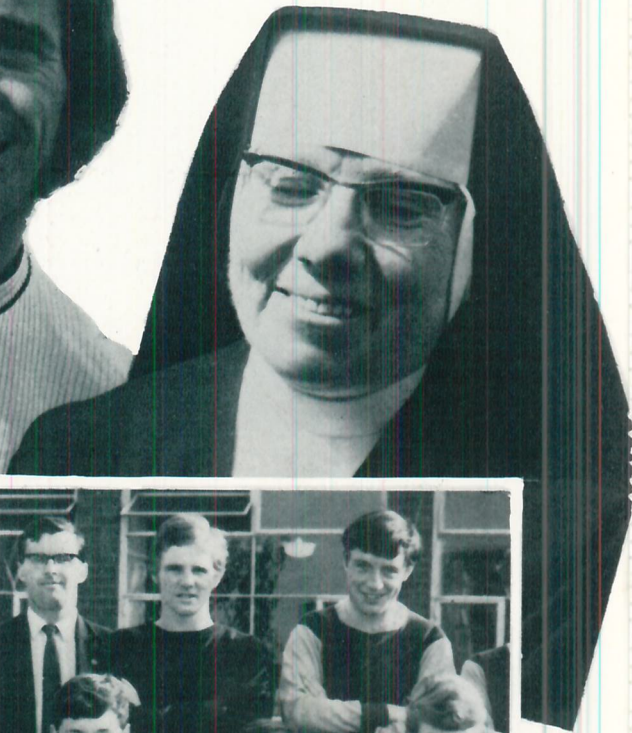


TERRY BRISLEY, Millwall

A STAR GROWS UP



Still a month to go till his sixth birthday, but already Kevin Keegan, Liverpool and England star-to-be, has football in his blood. In the mining community of Doncaster he takes every chance to kick a ball around. Right—pictured with his old schoolmistress from his primary school days. She was so impressed by the young Keegan's football ability she made a point of telling teachers at his senior school "Watch this boy." Not a bad judge!



Line-up of junior squad from St. Peter's, Doncaster, with Kevin already among the silverware. He is second from right front row. Right—a stage further on at school. Not much of him but he could always hold his own with the bigger lads. He went to boxing lessons and was an outstanding cross-country runner. Centre front, of course.

FROM KEVIN KEEGAN'S PICTURE ALBUM



On his way to the top in the pro-ranks. Above—Apprentice with his first club, Scunthorpe, he gets his first-team chance at 17. Then at £30,000 he becomes one of the great buys of Bill Shankly's career. Here Kevin is battling it out with tough-tackling Arsenal defender Peter Storey. Below—Kevin Keegan of England. With over 20 caps now, he was made captain of his country for the centenary international against Wales this year.



Top of page—The day he married his sweetheart Jean. Now they live in a beautiful house up in the hills of North Wales. Above—A golden boot to mark one of his greatest triumphs. The handsome trophy was awarded after he had scored two goals to help Liverpool beat Newcastle United 3-0 in the 1974 F.A. Cup final. It has pride of place in his parents home in Doncaster. Kevin sends his Mum and Dad most of his medals and cups.



BIGGER and BETTER

CHRIS NICHOLL was the smallest member of the Stockport Boys team that introduced him to football. That's why they played him at outside-left.

Now, aged 27, he is the tallest man in Aston Villa's side.

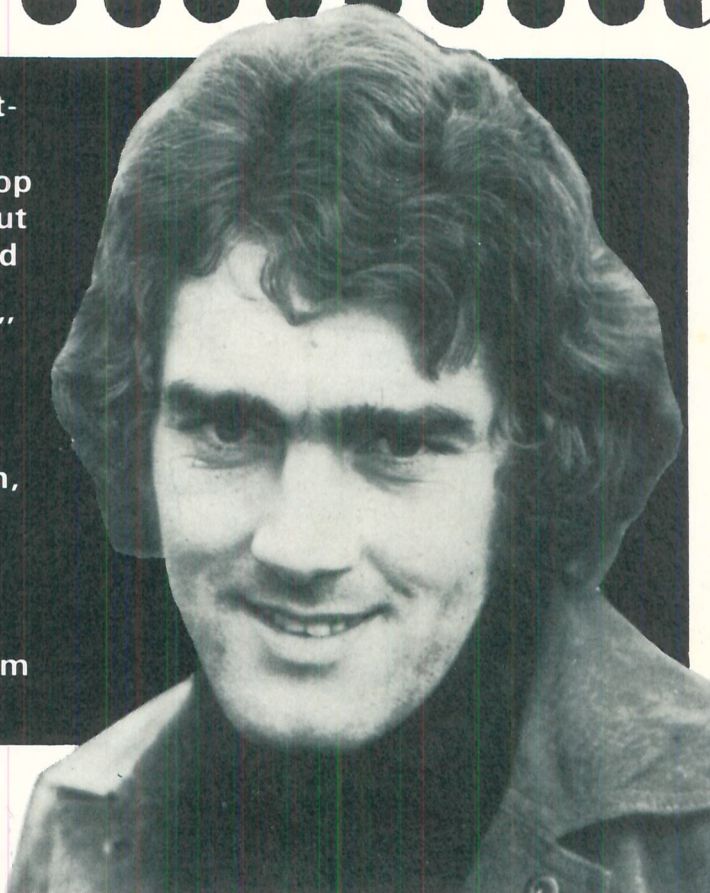
A 6ft 2in defenceman of note with a batch of international caps for Ireland, from whence came his father.

School rugby in the morning and soccer in the afternoon doubtless did Chris's physique a lot of good. He became a

centre-half on his way to Villa Park via Burnley, Halifax Town and Luton Town. Burnley gave Chris a free transfer. Luton paid Halifax £30,000 for him. He cost Aston Villa £70,000 in 1972.

INVERNESS, in the Scottish Highlands, has no reputation for producing top players in any numbers. But it was the birthplace of Ted MacDougall—one of the greatest “goal machines” of the age.

Via Widnes, Liverpool, York, Bournemouth, Manchester United, West Ham, he joined Norwich City—and the Scotland national side. Scoring goals all the way — and causing £535,000 to be paid for him in transfer fees.



TED MACDOUGALL

I WAS born in Inverness in 1947. That made me a footballer. It was practically the only game played around there at the time.

1959

MY family moved to Widnes, Lancashire—on the fringe of the Liverpool football area. It was a Rugby League centre. All the kids at school played that game. If you wanted to play soccer you were odd boy out. As a 12-year-old I played a few Rugby League games. But it was always too physical.

At soccer I found I was playing among the odds and ends. Kids who did not have the physical strength to play rugby. Kids who could not run very fast. Kids unfortunate enough to need spectacles.

After leaving school I kept on playing football. I also got a job as a compositor on the town's paper. Playing for a local side, I scored a few goals. A man in the “print shop” recommended me to Liverpool. I was offered a trial and signed as an amateur at 17.

Diary of the player who was born to score goals . . .

January 13, 1966

I BECAME a pro with Liverpool at 19. A late starter—as I also was in the international business. My first Scottish cap didn't come until I was twenty-eight.

My time at Liverpool was spent mainly in the reserves—although I did do “sub” duty for the League side. I thought I had prospects at Liverpool, but they had players like Ian St John and Roger Hunt. Then they paid Chelsea £100,000 for Tony Hateley. It meant my chances were further limited.

July 13, 1967

BILL SHANKLY asked me if I would join York City. They were prepared to pay £5500—biggest fee they'd given for a player up till then. It was a big drop from First Division excitement of

MY NINE GOALS IN AN F.A. TIE

Liverpool to the Fourth Division. But I decided to make the move. Twice in my time with York they had to apply for re-election to the Fourth Division. Still, I did score 34 goals in 84 League games.

It was at York I tied up with Phil Boyer, who won a very late cap for England last season. He'd come from Derby County.

I never called him anything else but "Charlie" Boyer — there being a film heart-throb of that name around my mum's and dad's time.

July 2, 1969

FOR a £10,000 fee I shifted to Bournemouth. "Charlie" followed later for £20,000.

I scored 21 goals and Bournemouth were relegated to Division Four. Isn't that something? Twice seeing York apply for re-election, once relegated with Bournemouth.

But the next season I scored 46 League goals in 42 matches and Bournemouth climbed back into Division Three.

1971-72

BY then "Charlie" Boyer and I had tied up at Bournemouth. I scored 35 goals in 46 League matches. Including F.A. and League Cups, the total was 47. Bournemouth won 62 points and still missed promotion.

November 20, 1971
AGainst Margate in the F.A. Cup, I scored nine goals — still a record for the competition.

And that's where the Bournemouth story ended. We had been so near to making the top divisions and I was a top goal-scorer.

September 30, 1972

CAME Manchester United and I moved into the First Division for a £200,000 fee. I played only 18 games and scored five times. I was signed by Frank O'Farrell. Unfortunately, he left three months after I signed.

My face, or my style, did not suit Tommy Docherty. "He can't play" said the man who had been manager of the Scottish international side. Since then I think I have proved him wrong — with Scottish caps to prove it.

February 28, 1973

FROM Manchester United I went to West Ham United for £150,000. I thought my style would suit the Hammers — but, again, it didn't work for me.

Perhaps I'm a player who, as some critics aver, "can only put the ball in the net." But that is the most important job in football. Superb midfield play comes to nothing if goals don't follow.

Again it looked as if I could not score First Division goals. In ten games only five came my way. The next season it was even worse — just one in fourteen matches.

But I had built up my reputation with Bournemouth as a penalty area specialist. At Upton Park I was asked to play in a kind of inside-left position. It never worked out.

December 7, 1973

I MOVED on to Norwich for a fee that had me valued at £170,000 — including the part-exchange of Graham Paddon. And so I linked up again with John Bond — my boss at Bournemouth — to play in centre attack and put the ball in the net.

I also tied up again with Charlie Boyer — and, until then, didn't realise just how much we had missed each other.

Eleven First Division goals were my lot when I returned to Norwich. Unfortunately, not enough to save Norwich from relegation. So, after what had happened previously, some people may have begun to think I was a jinx.

January, 1975

IT all came right for me. We played Manchester United in the semi-final of the League Cup and I scored a goal in the 2-2 draw at Old Trafford. We won the second leg 1-0. I don't think any result has given me more satisfaction.

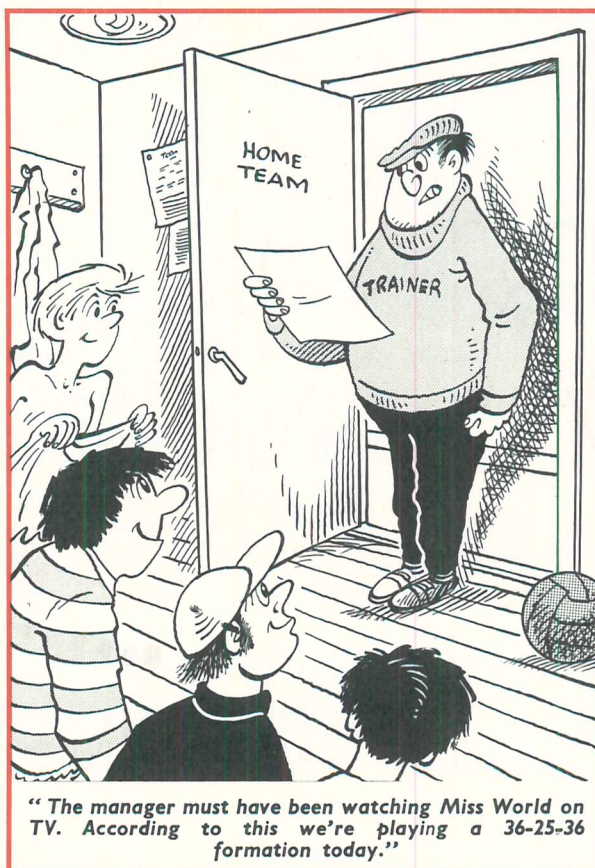
March 1, 1975

THE League Cup final. We lost 1-0 to Aston Villa in a disappointing match. We never really got started. But, to balance the budget, we did win promotion.

April 16, 1975

CAPPED for Scotland. Probably that made me fully realise I had made it. That I was no longer a player with the reputation for scoring goals at a lower level. First came a friendly 'national against Sweden — followed by caps against Portugal, Wales, Ireland and England. And against Denmark and Rumania (sub.) last season.

Playing for Scotland made my football wanderings really worth while.



THE MUSCLE MACHINE



THERE'S always something new coming up in the way of training equipment.

Like the complicated piece of machinery you see here.

It's called the "Multi-Gym" and is used daily by Manchester City's players at their Maine Road ground.

"A tremendous piece of equipment," says physiotherapist Freddie Griffiths. "Basically it's a system of weight training. Various positions on the machine are for different exercises.

"One is the bench press to strengthen shoulders and arms.

There's another for stomach-muscle work and one for the legs.

"In all, there are seven stations! Normally we work the players in pairs. Whilst one trains the partner rests, so fourteen can work at the same time.

"The machine is particularly useful if floor space is limited. Formerly, the equipment for seven exercises would have been spread all over the gym floor.

"Early in the week we make the lads work on heavy poundage. The machine can be put up to more than 200 lb. on each exercise.

"On a Thursday or Friday before a game we reduce the poundage and the players do lots of repetitions with light weights to build up sharpness."

Freddie ends — "Recently, players getting back to fitness after long-term injuries, like Colin Bell and Dave Watson, have really benefited from the 'Multi-Gym'."

Other clubs with "Multi-Gyms" include Everton, Derby County, Manchester United, Leeds United and Notts County.

But before you rush out to order your own — they cost £2500!

THE YOUNGER

THEY'RE ALL OUT TO HIT



CARL HARRIS

IN-A-HURRY HARRIS

IN his nineteen years CARL STEVEN HARRIS has progressed near to the top. With both his club, Leeds United, and his country. For early impact in Leeds first team brought him a full Welsh cap last March.

Born in Neath, Harris played for Swansea Boys and Welsh Schoolboys. So impressive was he that England manager Don Revie, then with Leeds, signed him on schoolboy forms. To the disappointment of Burnley and Chelsea. Now his distinctions also include Youth and Under-23 honours.

GUNNER'S TARGET

FIGHTING against relegation, Arsenal asked a lot of 19-year-old TREVOR ROSS last season. He was given a key midfield role ahead of experienced players like Peter Storey and Eddie Kelly.

He started by subduing international aces Keith Weller (Leicester) and Tony Currie (then Sheffield Utd.). Later Kevin Keegan (Liverpool), Tommy Craig (Newcastle) and Trevor Brooking (West Ham) were placed under lock and key.

All of which put Ross in the picture as a future Scottish Under-23 prospect. For, although he was born in Lancashire and played for England's Schoolboys, he says, "It has always been my ambition to get into a Scotland team."

Trevor's father, once a Scottish League player with Third Lanark and Arbroath, was transferred to Bradford City. "He stayed down in England, moving to the Manchester area," explains Trevor.

As a youngster, Trevor was wanted by Manchester United—but eventually fell for the set-up at Highbury.

The Boy From The Back Of Beyond



● STEVE PATERSON

AT 6 ft. 1½ in., STEVE PATERSON is hardly the type you can miss. And, full of forceful tackling and heading ability, 18-year-old Steve from Scotland doesn't look like missing out with Manchester United as a back-four player.

Born in the Highland village of Mosstodloch, he was playing for Elgin Boys' Club at 14 years of age, for Bishopville United at 16 and for the Highland League's Nairn County at 16.

He has also done duty for the North of Scotland Schoolboys Under-15's and Under-18's. It was in the Scottish Schoolboys v. English Schoolboys at Old Trafford that Tommy Docherty became aware of the boy's talents and asked him to sign for Manchester United as an apprentice.

But Steve wanted to stay on at school to take his "A" levels. So it was agreed he would sign for United when he was 17. Manchester City, Rangers and Hibs were sorry to hear that.

GENERATION...

TOP TARGETS IN THE GAME



● TREVOR ROSS



● JOHN DEEHAN

CALAMITY AT THE STARTING POST...

WHAT a start forward **GEORGE DORMOND** had to his senior football career. In his first season with Burnley he broke his shin bone in an F.A. Youth Cup game against Blackburn Rovers and was out of action for a very long time.

Born in Cramlington, Northumberland — same town as former Burnley ace Ray Pointer — George went to the Cramlington High School and played for the Northumberland under-15 and under-19 county sides before being signed by Burnley.



● MARTIN HENDERSON

☆ ☆ ☆

The Young Fan's Dream Come True

JUST like in a story book... 19-year-old **JOHN MATTHEW DEEHAN**, once a regular on the Villa Park terraces, is now a starlet with the club.

Born in Solihull, John was playing in a local park for Bridgmond Rovers in the Coronation League when Villa chief scout Neville Briggs spotted him.

Arsenal, who had seen John playing for Birmingham Boys, were also in the hunt. But, just before he was due to go to the London club, Villa stepped in.

Biggest influence on his career, which has seen him gain England Youth honours, has been Villa team coach Frank Upton.

FLYING START BY MARTIN

LAST season, his first as a Rangers regular, **MARTIN HENDERSON** picked up a Premier League championship medal as well as one for winning the Scottish Cup.

So off to a flyer went the lanky lad who joined up as a schoolboy from Kirkcaldy—and a member of the town's Y.M.C.A. team.

A resolute type, this 19-year-old raider had to hold off a challenge to his position from Derek Parlane, his international clubmate.

A run of 24 games without a miss tells how he fared. And there were also 13 goals to top off his great season.

Now he's set on a European award — and international recognition.

☆ ☆ ☆

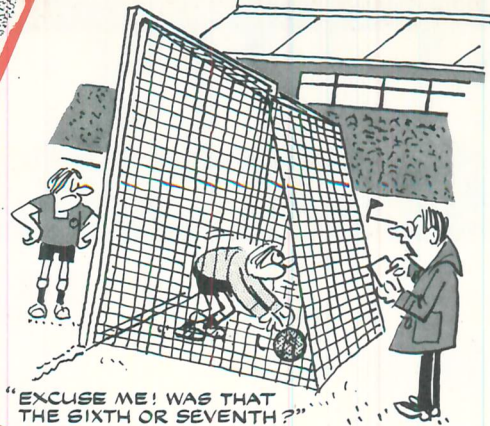
STEPHEN JOHN SMITH was just 19 when he made his first-team debut in Birmingham City's goal—against Liverpool. And he didn't know he was to play until he got to the ground.

His parents got the surprise of their lives when they saw him run on the field. He got rave reports, too, and was only beaten by a penalty!

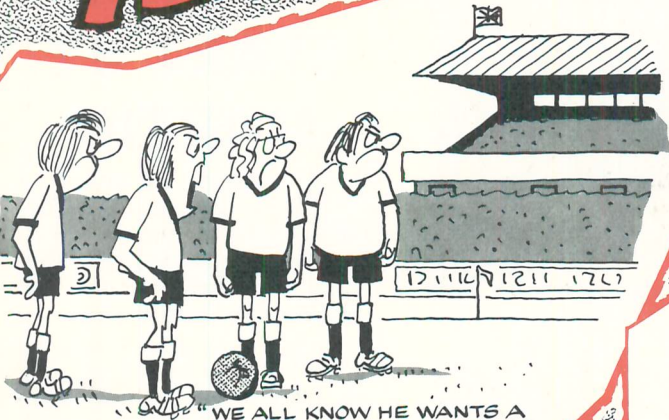
Stephen was born at Lydney in Gloucestershire. He captained Lydney Boys' Secondary School team, the District Boys' team and the Gloucestershire Boys' team, not only at football but at rugby and cricket.

At 15 he was on schoolboy forms with Cardiff City, but both Birmingham and Spurs came in for him.

FUN FOR ALL!



"EXCUSE ME! WAS THAT THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH?"



"WE ALL KNOW HE WANTS A TRANSFER... BUT THAT'S NO REASON FOR KICKING IN WITH 'EM!"



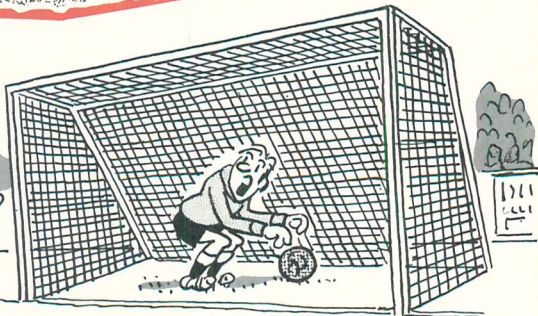
"THIS WEEK I'VE DECIDED TO TRY YOU ON THE OUTSIDE... SELLING PROGRAMMES!"



"I'M AS ENTHUSIASTIC AS YOU ARE... BUT IT'S JUST NOT ON!"



"WATCH IT! I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT RETALIATION!"



"ANYHOW, I'M NOT ALL THAT KEEN ON PLAYING AT WEMBLEY!"



"YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET THAT LOT GET AWAY WITH IT, DO YOU?"

IT'S often three o'clock in the morning when the Workington manager, Alan Ashman, steps down from the team coach as it pulls off the M6 motorway at Wigton.

He doesn't bother to say good-night to his team. They are fast asleep in the darkened bus.

Chances are they will have already covered hundreds of miles from a fixture in the South of England. They have still another hour to go, winding through the Lake District peaks, while the manager heads for his car and a drive to his home near Carlisle.

For little Workington, out on the North-West seaboard, football means long hours travelling. And, as always, the longest miles are the last miles home.

A trip to Bournemouth, for instance, will see them leave their Borough Park home at 9 a.m. It will be ten hours later before they pull up at the players' entrance at their opponents' ground on the South Coast.

Returning from a midweek night match, they know what it's like to arrive home at six in the morning.

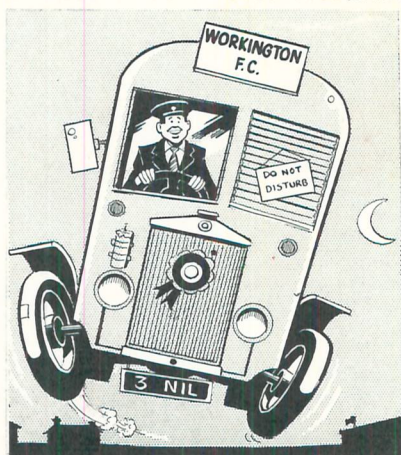
But for all this huge mileage to fulfil fixtures, Workington claim they have never been late for a game.

They while away the time with cards, dominoes, reading. They carry travelling rugs so the players can bed down in the late hours, when the radio is turned off and the lights dimmed.

Back in 1958 Workington had 21,500 packed into their ground to see them play Manchester United in the F.A. Cup. They lost 3-1 to the famous team that was to meet disaster in the Munich air crash weeks later.

That is the best crowd they have had since being elected to the old Third Division (North) in 1951.

Times have been much tougher



THEIR LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

Life's tough for a club away off the beaten track

since then. They had to apply for re-election to the Fourth Division last summer. Home gates rarely rose above 1500. Yet Workington battle on.

They have one of the very few lady secretaries in Mrs Mary Laurie. Like everyone else on the staff, Mrs Laurie will turn her hand to any job that needs doing—including the cleaning chores.

Groundsman Billy Watson is another stalwart servant of the Cumbrian outfit. His pitch is his pride and joy.

A few years back the Duke of Kent landed his helicopter there in the middle and said it reminded him of the lawns at Buckingham Palace.

Nobody is quite sure if Billy reckoned that a compliment or an insult!

Survival for Workington has meant hours of hard work on the fund-raising front.

They don't get many fans through the turnstiles, but thousands of people in the little

towns around the coast and the Lake District play their part in selling tickets for prize draws and suchlike.

Many, being farming and fishing people, can't afford Saturday afternoon off to watch the team. But they still take a pride in helping keep them in existence.

It has always been tough going to stay afloat. Old-timers recall the day, long before their election to the Football League, when they set off from Workington station with only ten players.

A likely-looking lad on the platform was offered 5s by the chairman and signed on the spot.

Here is a very different world from, say, Manchester United's. But Workington are a happy, friendly club. They have had famous names like Joe Harvey, Bill Shankly and Ken Furphy as manager over the years.

These three all went on to greater things in the First Division. All remember their time at Borough Park with great affection.

Present manager, Alan Ashman, has known his share of fame, too.

He helped Carlisle United rise from the Fourth Division to the First. He held the F.A. Cup aloft on the town hall steps after his West Bromwich Albion side had beaten Everton in the final.

He also had a spell in Greece where he managed the famous Olympiakos side.

Now he is fighting his football battles at the other end of the scale.

Forced to seek re-election again, Workington survived by only three votes when the Football League delegates met in London last June.

Now the battle is on to make sure they don't have to go, cap in hand, to the League again.

1

STEP

1 TREVOR BROOKING, West Ham, seems to be eluding a rugby-type tackle by IAN GILLARD, Queen's Park Rangers.

3 A flying header by "POP" ROBSON, Sunderland, against Hull City.

3

2

HIGH...

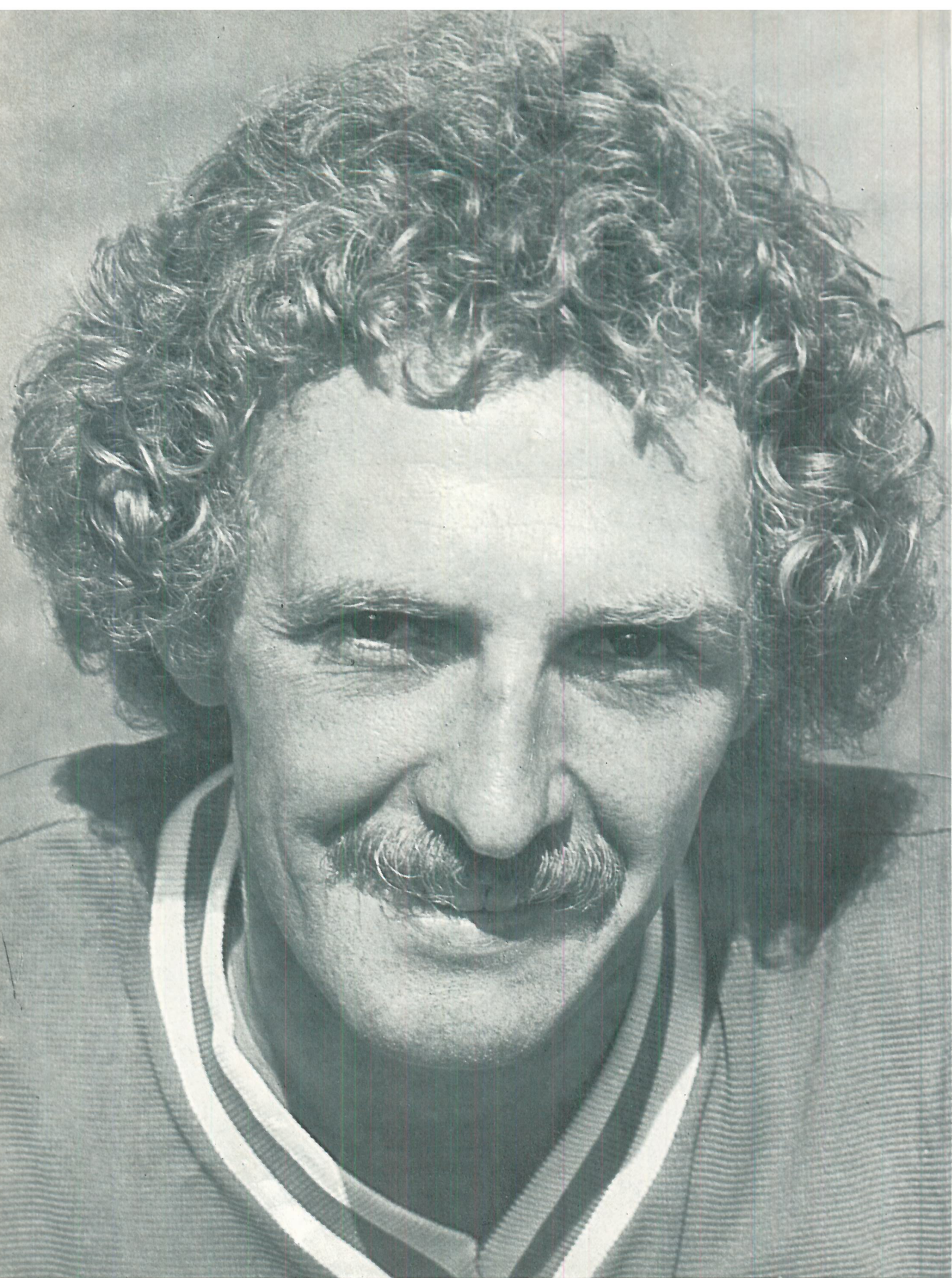
2 Another West Ham—QPR thrill. As GERRY FRANCIS dives, BILLY JENNINGS goes all acrobatic.

4 Overhead kick duet by JOHN TOSHACK, Liverpool, (left) and HENRY NEWTON, Derby County.



4







MICK CHANNON, Southampton



CAPTAIN OF THE KIT ROOM

be if some players trotted out in white stockings and others in red . . . just because the hampers had been carelessly packed.

That's why clubs like Aston Villa employ a full-time staff man solely to look after match strips, training gear, track suits, boots, training shoes, towels and all the rest of it.

And the task of this "kit captain" is immense . . .

Villa have almost fifty players on the staff. They turn out at at least three teams every week.

As well as a double playing strip they take along a wide assortment of boots and studs to cope with ground conditions—plus all the associated paraphernalia like track suits and towels.

Pictured here in his kit room is the man who holds down the job at Villa Park—Walter Cowan.

In "stock" Mr Cowan has 16 complete sets of strips—192 shirts, 192 pairs of shorts and stockings.

Also on the shelves are 34 training track suits, 16 jumpers for first team to train in, 50 match-day towels and 56 training towels—plus 12 "dress" track suits for first team use at matches.

Somewhere around, too, are 30 training balls, 84 pairs of boots, 34 pairs of training shoes and 16 pairs of running spikes for the first team squad.

It's a well-furnished "wardrobe."

WHEN there are three teams playing a total of around 150 games a season, each game requiring two full sets of strips, it's evident one of the most important back-room boys

at a First Division club is the man who looks after the kit.

Imagine a team turning up for a vital cup-tie and discovering they have packed the wrong colour shirts.

Think of the fuss there would



HAVE A HEART, REF!

NOT so long ago a Scottish League game was refereed by one of the prime characters of the whistling business.

With the scoreboard still blank, and the end just minutes away, a raging shot from the home centre-forward came down from the underside of the bar and was somehow scrambled away by the 'keeper.

★ Our picture shows EMLYN HUGHES, Liverpool, airing his views to a referee.

(Continued on next page)

PUNISHMENT THAT WAS TOO KIND

But a linesman's flag was up. He considered the ball had crossed the line before being cleared.

The referee got the message and blew for a goal — and that started the most unholy protest from visiting players.

"Have a heart, ref, that was no goal," yelled the skipper.

"Sorry," came back the whistler, quiet of voice. "Just you read the papers tomorrow and you'll find out."

The fans miss out on a lot of fun when players and whistlers don't see eye to eye.

Mr Roy Capey, of Crewe, 5 ft. 5 in. "Mighty Atom" of the whistlers' world, is one not afraid to use a bit of humour to take the heat out of potentially explosive moments.

He tells this story about Jack Charlton, now manager of Middlesbrough . . .

"When Jack was playing for Leeds United he always wanted his own way. In one game at Leicester I got a bit fed up with him.

"Jack, of course, is about 6 ft. 3 in. and I'm no giant. So he must have been surprised when I strode up to him and said, 'If I hear another word from you, I'll see you at the back of the stand after the game!'

"He seemed quite taken aback, but later in the game came over to me and said, 'Did you really mean that about meeting me behind the stand?' I replied, 'Certainly I did.'

"Jack stared at me. Then he bent down, patted my head, and said, 'Aw, don't get yourself upset.'

"Whereupon all the tension disappeared, and we both fell about laughing."

Mr Capey also tells of a friend called Bill Asprey, who used to play for nearby Stoke City.

"After Bill moved from the Potteries to Oldham Athletic," he says, "I had charge of a game he played in at Bury.

"Bill, a good, solid full-back, clattered into one of the Bury forwards. It wasn't a bad foul, but the forward went down as if dead. The home crowd howled for blood. 'Off, off, off,' rang round the ground. I had to do something — or at least be seen to be doing something.

"I dashed over to Bill and started wagging my finger at him. Naturally everyone thought I was giving

him a proper lecture. But I didn't consider the incident merited one.

"Putting on a show of anger, I waved my arms at Bill. But, instead of warning him about his tackling, I was asking him if he wanted a lift back to the Potteries!

"The home fans were satisfied I'd done the right thing. A nasty moment was thus passed by."

Ron Skidmore, representative for the Sheffield area on the Referees' Council, is putting together a book dealing with the funny side of refereeing.

He will include the tale of a Rotherham League match, played on a cold December day, when the referee judged one player to have committed a foul bad enough to warrant ordering off.

The whistler started to tell the offender he was bound for an early bath — then considered the sleet that was being borne on a strong, cutting wind.

"No, I won't send you back to the warm dressing-rooms while the rest of us freeze out here," he said. "That's not a punishment. You can stay out here till the final whistle."

A well-known ref of the 1950's was Bill ("Speedy") Evans.

He was appointed for a game at Burnley, and, before the kick-off, the home trainer came along with the ball to be used.

Bill tested it for hardness, and asked if it had been weighed. The answer was "no." Mr Evans then

pointed out he couldn't use the ball unless he knew it to be of regulation weight.

"Fetch the secretary," he said. When that official arrived, Bill Evans went through the same procedure, ending with, "Fetch the manager."

When the boss came along he was asked if the club had any scales on which the ball could be weighed. He said they hadn't.

"Well," said Bill Evans, "I saw a sweet shop across the road as I was coming in. Use their scales."

With that the manager, trainer and secretary marched out with the ball. Whereupon one of the linesmen turned to Evans.

"What's the matter with you, Bill?" he asked. "There was nothing wrong with that ball."

"I know there wasn't," smiled Evans. "I just wanted everyone to know I was around without them having to wait to find out."



"We don't need a referendum to say if it's in or out. This referendum's decision is final."

Player Who Refuses To Take Wages On A Friday

THE F.A. Cup can bring out something special in footballers' superstitions. Take, for instance, Bradford City winger Don Hutchins.

Hutchins was an important member of the Bradford team that reached the Cup quarter finals last season.

"I live in Blackburn," he says. "So, often I don't travel to Bradford to train on a Friday. I go and do a work out

with the Rovers lads at Ewood Park.

"I did this on the Friday before we played Chesterfield in the first round of the Cup. A drawback was that Friday also happens to be pay day. So I had to go without my wages until the morning of that game.

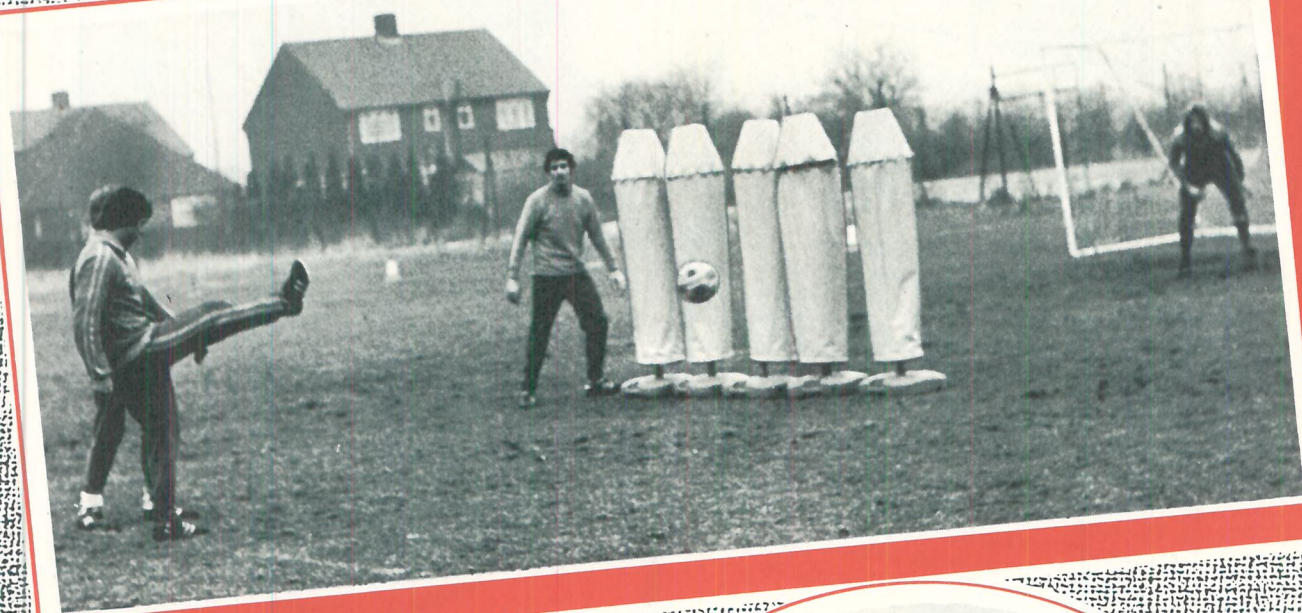
"We beat Chesterfield. I scored the only goal. And the superstition had started.

"I then deliberately left my wages at the club until the Saturday morning of all cup-ties. And we went on to beat Rotherham, Shrewsbury, Tooting and Norwich before Southampton finally knocked us out.

"I've carried on the superstition for all games. My pay packet stays at the club until Saturday morning. Even if I do have to borrow money from my wife!"

DUMMY RUN...

Very special "signings" shine up Queen's Park Rangers free-kick drill.



It all started in Spain...

As a method of improving Real Madrid's free-kick techniques their manager bought a batch of tailors' dummies—and used them as a defence wall in practice sessions..

"They never complain about having the ball hammered at them," said the Real boss. "And they are always willing to stand 10 yards back."

Other Continental clubs cottoned on. And Queens Park Rangers got into the act, too.

They carry out their "dummy runs" with the specially constructed dummies you see here—and also use them for "dodge 'em" training.



Dear Paddy...

FOR a player in the dumps after coming under fire by fans and critics—and sometimes, team-mates—sympathetic and encouraging letters from young fans can be a wonderful tonic. Here are three messages goalkeeper Paddy Roche received when his first games for Manchester United saw him get most of the blame for a disastrous run early last season...

FROM A TAMWORTH,
STAFFORDSHIRE, BOY

I am a 15 year old lad....
I am writing to send you all my
luck and best wishes to you,
after what appears to be a
nightmare start, to your first
team career.

I too have experienced
this terrible feeling, because I
play in the Burton and District
league, on Saturday afternoons,
and during my debut match I
conceded 5 goals, against the
top of the league team.

I ended last season playing
for the reserve team. We went
on to win three trophies. Thus
I regained my first team place,
my confidence has returned
and I can now command a
first team place.



PADDY
ROCHE

FROM A CHESHIRE LAD

A lot of people—my friends
included—have heaped insults
and criticism on to your shoulders.
People have jumped on to the
bandwagon to blame you for
United's recent defeats (which were
inevitable without a big centre-
half) which you didn't deserve.

As I'm sure you know when a
goalkeeper makes a slip it is
spotlighted much more than
when a striker misses a chance
or a winger makes a bad cross.
This is unfair.

Don't worry Paddy, you are a
great goalkeeper and your
turn will come.

FROM A NORTHAMPTON GIRL

I'm a Leeds supporter and don't really
think much of Man. Utd but I felt I
really had to write to you. Not
everyone thinks you are a complete
flop and laugh at every mistake you
make. It's true that the television
goes over every mistake in detail
but anyone with eyes in their
heads could see that besides the
over-publicised faults you made
many good saves in all the
matches you played in.

I, and many others, think you
have great potential and could
be one of the best goalies in the
league (next to David Harvey
and Stewart) in a couple of
years.





JOHN PRATT
Spurs



BARRY SIDDALL
Bolton Wanderers



ALAN GOWLING
Newcastle United



JIM BROGAN
Coventry City

Roy McFarland



Anchor-man in
Derby County's
defence

Stuart Pearson



Goal-grabber supreme
for Manchester United

ALL IN



The Dog With The Two-Track Mind

★ The player with the unusual training companion is **ALAN SUDDICK** of Blackpool.

Owned by club physiotherapist Vin Conboy, this whippet flyer is called Spot, and is a regular with the Blackpool fellows during track sessions. Spot used to be death on the footballs he chased and caught. Now he has learned to dribble with them. He has also won prizes at dog tracks.

DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR DUTCH DOUBLE

TWO of Holland's top stars are twins Rene and Willy Van der Kerkhoff.

They are both married, have children of the same age, and live in the same large house, divided into two.

But last season the Van der Kerkhoffs took togetherness a bit too far.

In a match against F.C. Amsterdam, Rene was carried off with a leg injury in the eighth minute—and Willy taken off eight minutes into the second half, also with a leg injury!

★ Luciano Bosoni, 15-year-old spectator at an A.C. Milan versus Torino game, was arrested after the game for making remarks to the referee.

Luciano was hardly subtle. When the crowd went reasonably quiet, he made his observations through a megaphone!

★ When West Ham United went to Armenia to play Ararat Erevan in last season's European Cup-Winners' Cup, they took six big baskets of food—including mouth-watering items like Scottish salmon, chocolate cake, steak, chops, Stilton cheese, celery, dried milk, fresh fruit, breakfast cereal, bacon, After Eight Mints and chewing gum.

History Was Made

BRINDISI goalkeeper di Vincenzo was sentenced by an Italian court to three months' probation. The 'keeper hit an opponent, breaking two ribs.

It was the first time in Italian history that an offence on a football field has been punished in a court of law.

★ Zuviria, winger of Racing Santander of the Spanish League, was suspended for butting Granada striker Lis.

In his defence he said he was sorry he butted Lis. *He meant to do it to defender Castellanos!*

★ Two broken jaws, several punch-ups, four men carried off, continual threats to the referee . . . it all happened during a game in Pietrasanta, Italy.

Nothing unusual in that, perhaps—*except that the participants were two teams of referees!*

★ When Peru beat Colombia in the South American Championships in Caracas, the winning goal killed two Colombian supporters.

"Cholo" Sotil's shot caused one fan to have a heart attack. Another committed suicide.

THE GAME

Answers in the Negative

WEST GERMAN international captain Franz Beckenbauer receives around 150 fan letters a day—and employs his mother-in-law as “secretary” to answer them.

One day, a suspicious-looking parcel arrived for Beckenbauer. It was opened very carefully—and turned out to contain a camera, loaded with film.

“My dearest wish is for a photograph of you with your family. Here are instructions for using the camera . . .” ran an accompanying letter.

The film was duly “shot” and sent back to the fan.

Extra Time Bomb

ONE of the longest international matches ever played took place between Thailand and Malaysia in Bangkok.

It lasted in all well over two hours—because a bomb went off on the terracing, injuring four spectators.

Hundreds of panic-stricken fans spilled on to the pitch and the referee took the players off while police restored order and arrested 122 student demonstrators.

The teams were able to get going again after a break of over half an hour. The match was completed without further incident.

If The 'Keeper Had Had A Gun!

DURING a Spanish League game between Estelrana and Finisterre, Estelrana were down 2-1 when their left winger sent over a cross.

The Finisterre 'keeper was allowing the ball to roll out of play when an opposing fan dashed forward and tapped the ball into the net.

The crowd thought it amusing—until the referee gave a goal!

Pipped At The Post

A SECOND DIVISION team in Peru needed two points from their final home game to clinch promotion.

They thought they were home and dry when their opponents failed to turn up.

The referee ordered them to kick-off. They raced upfield with the ball and the centre-forward shot towards the empty net.

But the ball hit a post. From the rebound a team-mate shot wide.

The referee awarded a goal-kick. Then, because there was no one to take it, he had to abandon the game at 0-0.

So the team missed going up by one point.



Please, Can We Have Some Tombstones?

THE visiting team's players were something to see.

Black as a yard up a chimney, they played barefoot and showed surprising ball-control and shooting power.

They came from Africa's Gold Coast, which has been Ghana for a long number of years now.

But it was for other than their skills that their 1953 visit to Belfast to play Ireland remains in the memory of Billy Drennan, the Irish Football Association secretary.

Because, when he asked them what mementos of the trip they'd like to take home, the answer was—**MARBLE TOMBSTONES.**

Apparently marble is not to be had in Ghana. Only the very rich can afford such tombstones.

And, even though the visitors were all young, they were thinking far ahead . . .

Anyhow, they got their strange mementos.

THAT OLD BEAT MAGIC

THIS is the bass drum Queen's Park Rangers paid £90 for at the beginning of last season.

The reason for the strange purchase was that, back in the 1960's, Q.P.R. rode high—to a home game accompaniment by a supporter on a drum.

The drummer disappeared during the team's not-so-successful days.

Then the Q.P.R. people decided the old beat might bring new inspiration.

So they bought a drum, recruited the old drummer, got him going on match days—and prospered thereafter.

In our picture defender **DAVE CLEMENT** is putting in a stint on the drum.

SUPER-FANS



THE Samuels of Rochdale are the hottest Manchester United supporters you could hope to meet. RON, his wife FRANCES and children DAVID (5), STEVE (4) and LOU (3) are at every United game—home or away. They have collected practically every souvenir produced for fans. They always wear something red and white. Furnishings in their home are also in the Old Trafford colours. Why, that's a red-coloured pool table they're standing beside!



JOHN BIRD, Newcastle United
In background – team-mates **PAT HOWARD** and **GLEN KEELEY**

PHIL NEAL'S STORY

FROM away down in the Fourth Division to the top of the First. From being next to unknown to winning a full England cap.

All that happened to me inside 18 months.

A fantastic year and a half that took me from Northampton Town to Liverpool to win my first real honours in the game. An England cap against Wales last March. Then, just six weeks later, a League Championship medal. Followed by a U.E.F.A. Cup "gong."

Suddenly people know who I am. But just how much of an unknown I was when I joined Liverpool is made plain by the story of the day I made my debut for them in November 1974.

"STAND BY" CALL

I'd just been signed for £70,000 and was due to play for the reserves at Anfield. It was the day of the big Merseyside derby against Everton at Goodison Park.

Early in the morning I had a visit at my digs from Tom Saunders, Liverpool's Youth Development Officer. He told me there was a doubt about the first-team full-back, Alec Lindsay. I was needed to stand by at Goodison.

We went round to Anfield to collect my boots. With them wrapped up in a brown paper bag, I set off with Tom for Goodison Park, walking along with the fans bound for the big match. The atmosphere was tremendous. It came home to me for the first time what football means on Merseyside.

There were people rushing around buying tickets and selling tickets. Everything was bustle. But nobody recognised me as the bloke Liverpool boss Bob Paisley had just paid all that money for.

I'd just arrived at Goodison, thinking I was there simply to soak up first-team atmosphere, when the manager came along.

"Get changed," he said. "You're playing."

There wasn't much time for nerves. And, obviously, that had been the idea all along. To make me think I'd little chance of playing so I didn't become too tense and freeze on the field.

But everything went fine. Though I dropped out of the side for a couple of games, I came back and went through those eighteen months without missing a single match.

Most pleasing was the consistency I achieved. And I put that down in big measure to the grounding I was given at Northampton.

I joined Town after completing my "O" Levels at 16½. And I was into the first team very quickly.



ALL UPON A IN LIVERPOOL

Within a year I was a regular, playing all over the shop, but specialising in defence.

In seven seasons I played in every position, even goalkeeper. I was beginning to think I'd never get a move into the "big time" when Liverpool came along.

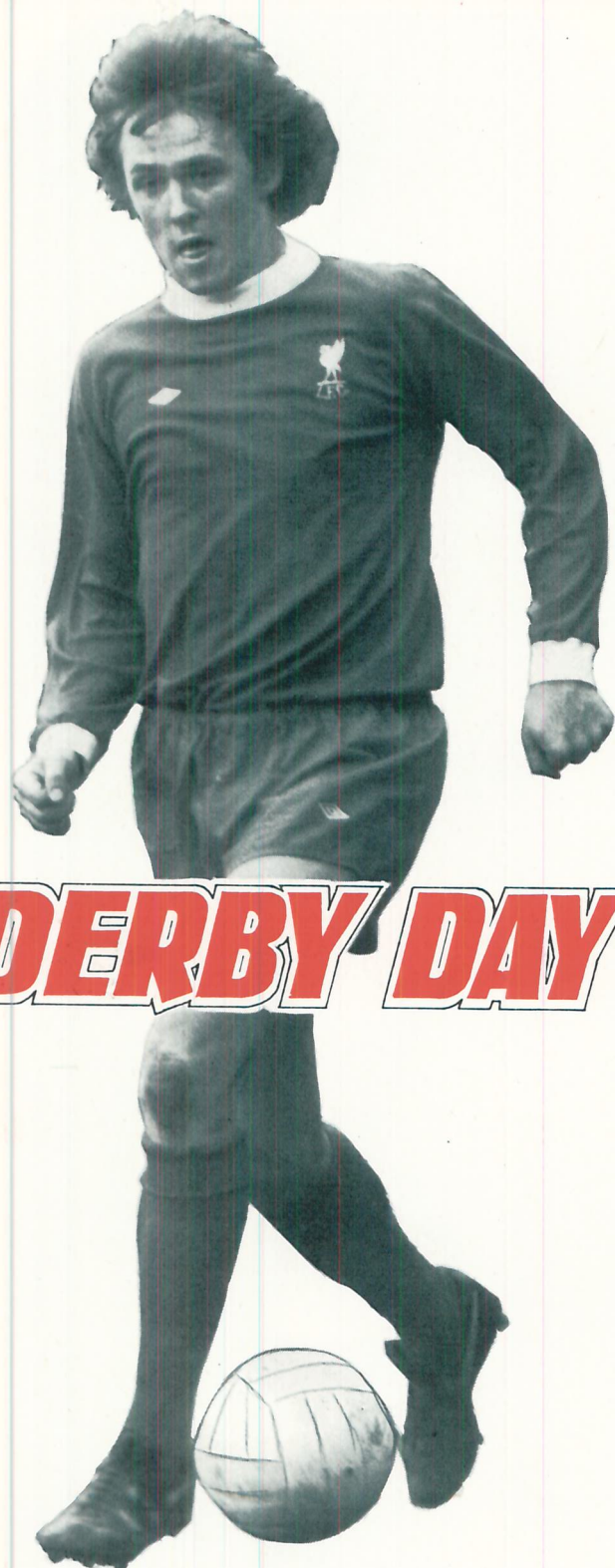
Strangely enough, the last time 'Pool watched me play, I had to go in goal for the last twenty minutes of a game against Rotherham.

On the Monday following that game, Northampton's manager, Bill Dodgin, called me into his office and told me to sit down.

When he said, "How would you like to go to Liverpool?" I knew why he had asked me to sit. I was flabbergasted.

Bob Paisley threw me in at the deep end with that Everton game in the same way that Ron Flowers,

From Small-Time To Big-Time In Quick-Time



DERBY DAY

the former Northampton boss, had plunged me in at 16½ in the Town team.

I arrived at Anfield to be told by the manager I had been bought as cover for the back four. I was delighted even at that. But going straight into the team? You can imagine how I felt.

The first season was a tremendous experience as we finished runners-up in the championship to Derby County. I was delighted, but the other lads were downhearted because they hadn't finished on top. That's the sort of drive which fires the club.

Then came last season, the England call-up, the championship and success in Europe.

Being capped by Don Revie was just as big a shock as was my signing for Liverpool. So completely unexpected. I felt out of this world.

But the feeling was matched the night we clinched the League Championship by beating Wolves 3-1 at Molineux.

Wolves led at half-time through Steve Kindon. If the score had stayed that way the title would have gone to Queen's Park Rangers—they had completed their programme—by one point.

I kept looking at the clock and thinking we were going to miss out. I'd been waiting so long to win something important. That night it was to be all or nothing.

◀ Left—PHIL NEAL. Top left—KEVIN KEEGAN, and young fans, hail a goal.

Then, with a quarter of an hour to go, Kevin Keegan got the equaliser. Minutes later John Toshack made it 2-1. And Ray Kennedy rounded things off with one in the last minute.

My only regret that night was that we couldn't go back out and do a lap of honour to pay tribute to our fans. But, as they were all over the field, this was impossible.

The fact we'd taken the title didn't sink in. The day after I had to join the England squad for the home internationals. That gave me something else to think about. Because it was my first club success, I would have liked a week or so to savour it. As it was I got no chance of that.

I have so many people to thank for the help I've been given at Liverpool. People who have made this last couple of years so memorable for me.

There's the coaching staff who point out improvements that can be made. Bob Paisley and Reuben Bennett, with their tips on strengths and weaknesses of opponents.

The players themselves. Like Tommy Smith and Emlyn Hughes, who have taught me never to panic.

Ray Clemence, in goal behind me, has been a particular help with his intelligent calling and calming influence.

Without them I couldn't have achieved what I have in such a short time.

FOUR TOPPERS



**Johannes
Edvaldsson**
(CELTIC)



**Drew
Jarvie**
(ABERDEEN)

FROM SCOTLAND



**Des
Bremner**
(HIBS)



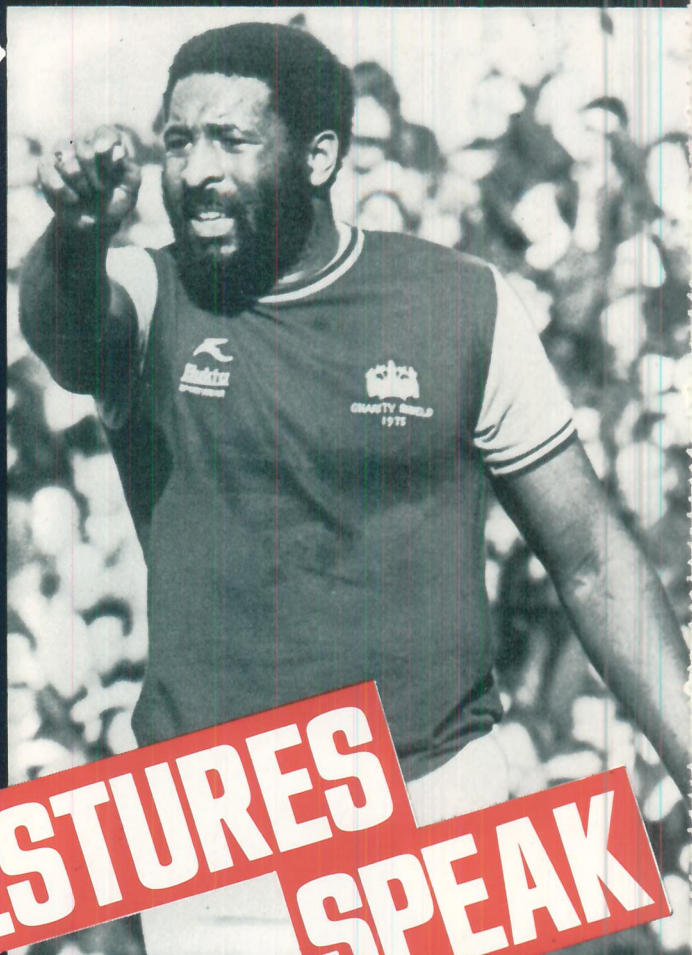
**Peter
McCloy**
(RANGERS)

"Me do a thing
like that?"
ALAN BALL
(Arsenal)

(Below)

"Cover up
there!"
CLYDE BEST
(ex West
Ham United)

(Right)




GESTURES SPEAK




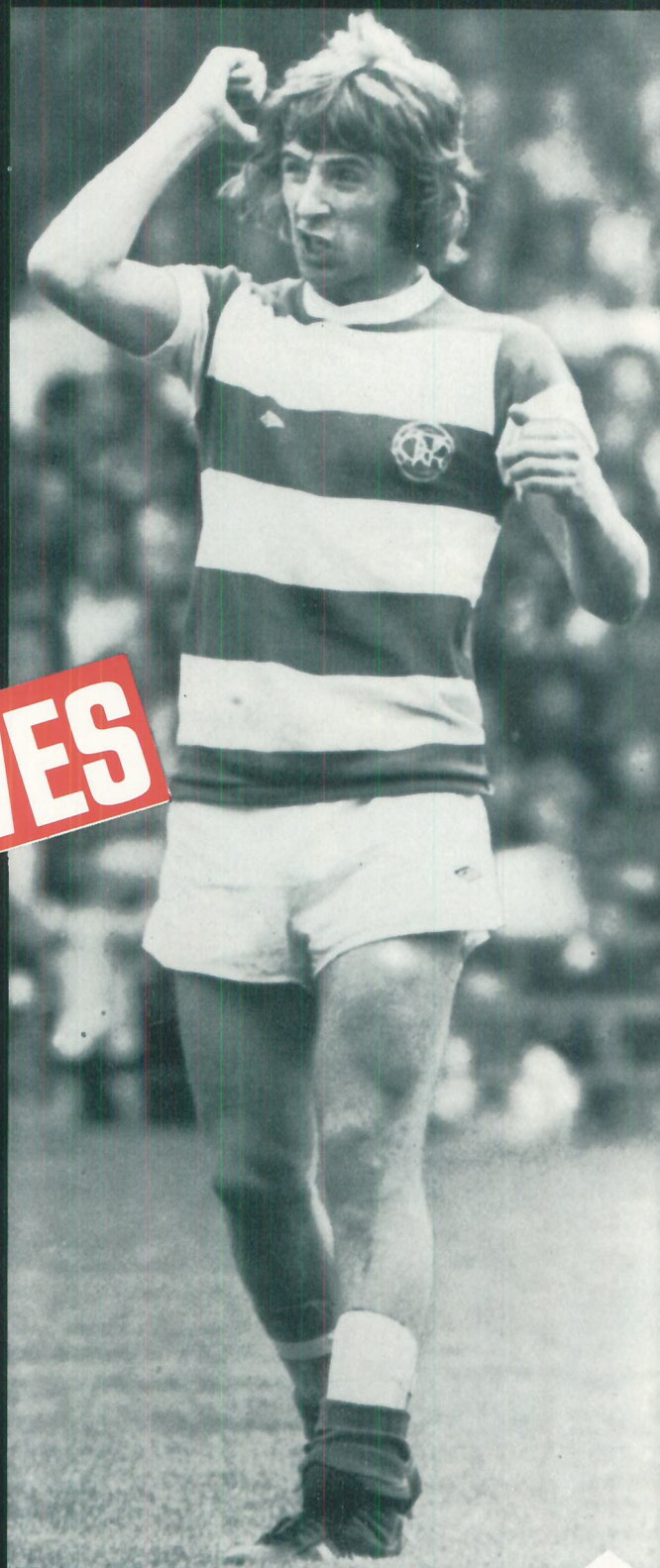
"That's the guy
to watch!"
ALAN BLOOR
(left) AND
IAN MOORES
(Stoke City)





"Cut that out!"
JOHNNY GILES
(West Bromwich Albion)

**FOR
THEMSELVES**



**"Have a heart,
referee!"**
KEVIN KEEGAN
(Liverpool)
(Left)

**"Get out of
it, pronto!"**
STAN BOWLES
(Queen's Park
Rangers)
(Above)



THE GOAL THAT STUNNED WEMBLEY



IT has been tagged the best goal ever seen at Wembley. Certainly I rate it the most satisfactory I have scored.

An overhead kick is pretty spectacular at any time. When it is the winner in a Wembley final it is plus plenty.

This big moment came in the Football League Cup Final. Score at the time was Manchester City 1, Newcastle United 1. Play had just started after half-time.

Our full-back Willie Donachie floated over a cross to the far post where Tommy Booth won the ball in the air.

I was on the edge of the box, back to goal. As the ball came to me I knew I could do nothing but try a volley over my head.

My only intention was to get the ball on target. At least I reckoned I'd force the Newcastle 'keeper, Mike Mahoney, into a save.

But my shot beat him—and into the net it went.

With that goal we took the lead for the second time in the match—and the score finished that way.

Peter Barnes had hit our first, Alan Gowling got the equaliser.

I suppose a goal like mine must be put down to timing, agility and speed of thought. I've always been good at volleying. The overhead kick is just a more difficult form of that.

I'd never practised the overhead. But, strangely enough, whenever I've tried it in a game it has brought a goal.

It happened against Norwich City at the start of the season. And again the week after the League Cup Final, when we played Sheffield United.

But it's the Wembley version that will go down in history. I'll certainly be

able to relive it. I've been able to get hold of a video tape of the match.

I know the goal made a big impact in my home town of Newcastle. The "wrong way round," of course.

Playing against the team I once supported gave the final added spice. I felt really sorry for their players and fans after the whistle.

Strange thing was, I was the only true Geordie on the field. United had players from around the Newcastle area, but none from the city itself.

By

DENNIS TUEART
Manchester City

THEY CALLED ME A CLOCKWORK TOY

Winning the League Cup was naturally the highlight of my season. Running it close was my involvement with England, under Don Revie.

Though I have only a handful of representative honours, I've been in a number of squads. And I'm happy to be in the business at any level.

When I moved to City from Sunderland my ambition was to play consistently well in the First Division, then for my country. I have kept working away at my game for City.

As a kid I used to kick the toes out of my shoes playing under the street lights. I dreamed of England and I still do.

But, as a professional, you realise only hard work, ambition and patience will get you there. So I will go on taking everything in. I'll be ready to take my chance when it comes along.

I feel I'm much improved from my early days at Sunderland. I was once described as a clockwork toy. Wound up before a game, sent out and guaranteed to run, non-stop, all over the park.

Then—enter Alan Brown, manager at Roker Park at the time. He was very strict on discipline, particularly in training. And that was just the quality my game needed.

As I took control of myself I channelled the ability I had in the right direction and my game blossomed.

ALL GIVE AND TAKE

Len Heppell, a balance specialist in the North-East, made me realise I was gifted with natural balance. He worked with me and I developed it. I'd always been sharp, and the training staff at Sunderland began to bring that sharpness out.

I actually joined the club as a centre forward. But I wasn't very tall, and switched out on to the wings. Now I'm a striker who comes from deep. I play right across the forward line, but spend most of my time attacking down the flanks.

I like to run at defences. I have an ambition every game I play. I want to cause problems. I want to get them going. I know there's a fair chance of being whacked the way I go to opponents. I also get my share of verbal treatment!

But I accept all that. If they are chatting me or trying to knock me about I know I am giving them problems. I will take the knocks and bruises because I want to be successful. I don't care what business you are in, you will never be a success unless you take the knocks in life.

I set high standards. If I don't reach them I am unbearable. Football should be entertaining. City set out to do that. If we fail I feel guilty when coming off the park. Feeling we haven't given the fans their money's worth.

I don't feel tension before a match. Just sheer excitement. I try to transfer that excitement to the crowd when I'm in action.

It is the same feeling I had when I was playing as a schoolboy. The same sensation in my stomach. I reckon I have a schoolboy's attitude to the thrills of football.

But I nearly didn't become a footballer. Before



MICK MAHONEY —
the shock shot left him helpless.

Sunderland signed me I tried and failed to get a job as a junior clerk after staying on at school and passing "O" levels.

I was thinking about doing a physical education course when chief scout Charlie Ferguson came along and signed me for the then manager, Ian McColl.

While I was in the first team at Roker I started coaching young teams. I've been doing it for a while now, and get a great deal of satisfaction from it.

I have my Football Association coaching badge, and I've done a course on "Recreation and Administrative Management." That could lead to a qualification for running the kind of sports complex that is springing up all over the country.

People ask me if the size of my £275,000 transfer fee ever weighs on my mind. The answer is "no!" The money was something agreed by the two clubs. It had nothing to do with me. I just got on with playing.

I have the same free role here as I did in my later days at Roker. When I first started there in the senior team I was under strict instructions to stay wide. I loathed that. I hate not being involved for the whole game.

Now I'm part of things for the whole ninety minutes. I really enjoy that.



WHERE'S THE BALL?

UNLIKE in the popular competition, where the ball is made invisible, there's no need to work out the answers in these pictures of two players clowning on the field. They are — left — **JIM CANNON**, Crystal Palace and **STAN BOWLES**, Queen's Park Rangers.



WHERE'S THE REFEREE?

WHERE referee **JOHN GORDON** is in this ordering-off incident from a Celtic-Aberdeen game is also made apparent by the hand signalling dismissal.

★ ME AND MY SATURDAY

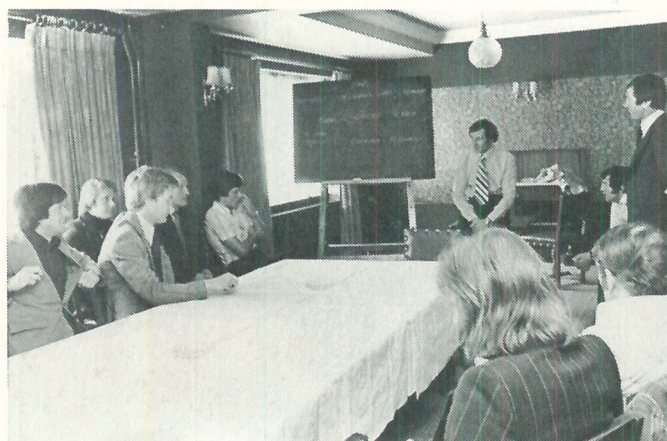
Camera story of a top



1—It starts with breakfast at my home in Winchmore Hill—with my wife LYNDA and three-year-old son STEPHEN. Stephen is quite a conversationalist in the morning.



2—Victoria—just four months—joins us before I set off to meet up with my team-mates at the Royal Chase Hotel, Enfield, our regular place of rendezvous.



5—Out comes the blackboard and the team talk for the day follows. That's the Newcastle United side up on the board—to remind us of the players we'll be facing.



6—All hands to the lounge for pre-match "Grandstand" on TV. I'm the one pointing. We get a lot of insight from TV films.



9—The cameraman catches me making a rather desperate-looking clearance. That's ALAN GOWLING of Newcastle on the left of the picture.



10—Coming off for the half-time break. Left to right—three Spurs in KEITH OSGOOD, TERRY NAYLOR and myself, along with MICK BURNS of the visitors.

by WILLIE YOUNG, Spurs

footballer's match day



3—Lynda drives me there, and, in the car park, I say goodbye to her for this day on which we are to play the men from Tyneside, Newcastle United.



4—An early lunch, with a menu that could almost be called "The Footballers' Special." Steak with modified trimmings for a start . . .



7—A last stint before leaving the hotel for the ground. Some footballs are produced for autographing. That's DON McALLISTER watching me doing my stuff.



8—JOHN DUNCAN and I prepare for a warming-up session in the White Hart Lane gym before the kick-off. We were, of course, old opponents in Scotland.



11—A wash and brush-up after it is all over. RALPH COATES getting his hair straightened out, is a bit further ahead in grooming than I am.



12—"Autograph, please." And who would refuse a youngster? Not me. Once they've all been seen to—I'm homeward bound.



BROTHERS IN STEP



*... theirs was
a very special
double*

★
STEVE
(left)
and
TOM

HOW'S this for a family promotion double...?

Last season my club, Bristol City, finished runners-up in the Second Division, whilst my brother Steve's Hereford United ran away with the Third Division championship.

We went out on the town together to celebrate our joint triumph. That was fitting. Because, if it hadn't been for Steve, I might never have joined Bristol City.

As teenagers in Scotland it was young Steve who showed most promise. While I was playing in Stirlingshire minor football, he was winning caps in the Scottish under-15 schools side.

Came the Saturday he had to turn out for the national side and miss a Bristol City trial game in Glasgow. I said I'd go along to explain his absence — and decided to ask for a game.

I got one, too, played quite well and City asked us both down to Bristol for trials. We felt great when they signed the pair of us. I was 17. Steve 15.

To start off everything went well at Ashton Gate. We were in a successful youth team, shared "digs," and, after a few months, the whole family moved down from Scotland to be with us. Ever since

then my Mum has hardly missed seeing me in a home game.

When Steve's progress slowed down a bit he decided a move might help. So off he went back north — to play for Greenock Morton.

He had two good seasons up there, but when Morton wanted to go part-time, Steve decided he wanted away. And Hereford signed him on a free transfer.

I made my name last term as a goal scorer. I suppose the turning point for me came when I managed a hat-trick on "Match Of The Day" against York City. After this a lot of folk seemed to notice me.

Until eighteen months ago I'd never really fancied playing as a striker. I'd been tried up front when established forwards were injured, but always felt midfield was my berth.

By
TOM RITCHIE
Bristol City

At the start of last season our manager, Alan Dicks, asked me to have a go in attack. Immediately everything started clicking. I had big Paul Cheesley alongside me and we built up a good understanding.

We'd go back for extra training sessions two or three afternoons per week, helping each other set up chances and practising our shooting. It was all well worthwhile, considering I finished the season with eighteen League goals. Paul scored fifteen.

At one stage I was even linked with a transfer to Arsenal. A fee of £250,000 was quoted for the possible sale of our skipper, Geoff Merrick, and myself.

I was never actually approached but the boss told me he simply wouldn't let me go. He said I was a vital part of the club. But the



knowledge Arsenal had been interested gave me a tremendous lift.

Steve and I watch each other as much as possible and have many a natter about our play. Criticism often comes into it. And it's always accepted.

Obviously I was delighted with with the way we were playing last season. But the first result I always looked for on a Saturday evening was Hereford's.

The past twelve months have certainly been fortunate for Steve and me. He has won a championship medal. After seven years I have achieved my ambition to play in the First Division.

It was great to look at the fixture list and see we'd be playing such as Liverpool, Leeds United and Manchester United.

THE Wembley Wizards have a prominent place in football history. They're the Scots team that went to Wembley in 1928 and beat England 5-1.

The late Tommy Law, who played full-back for Chelsea, was a member of the side. And, years afterwards, he used to tell a wonderful story.

After the game the then secretary of the Scottish Football Association, Sir George Graham, asked the players what expenses were involved in getting to the match.

"Ten bob (50p)," replied Tommy Law.

"Here's 10d (4p)," replied secretary Graham. "That's the fare from Stamford Bridge to the team hotel."

Money in 1928 was a little different to money in 1976, but—4p expenses for a top international player!

What contrast to today... Top league clubs now stay

EXPENSES

SHOCK FOR

WEMBLEY

WIZARD

in five-star hotels and travel first class by rail—unless they are travelling in an air-conditioned coach.

Take England's international side...

At the back end of last season they spent three days at a top Hertfordshire hotel before moving on to play Wales in Cardiff. Staying overnight just outside of Cardiff, they returned to their Herts hotel for the Wembley game against Ireland.

Dinner at a top Wembley hotel after the game. Back to Herts before flying to Glasgow. Dinner at the airport hotel before going to Hampden Park for the European Cup Final. Then on to a famous golfing hotel at Troon to prepare for the game with Scotland.

Just a few days' break and it was off to the United States—with five-star accommodation laid on in Los Angeles, Philadelphia and New York.

And see what happened when Queen's Park Rangers played Norwich City in a game vital to the First Division Championship.

On the way back by rail, dinner was served. And just look at the menu that was specially prepared for use of the players.

Tommy Law's old-time 10d might just about have paid for the biscuits to go along with the cheese.

NORWICH... * * * * * LONDON

eats

en route

drinks



"Micky L"

"after's"



"DEEP JOY" JOHN

MENU

seconds - no extra

SMOKED SALMON

fresh prawns

+ sauce

+ + +

PATTIE

brown bread butter

+ = + + +

* English green lettuce * tomatoes * coleslaw *
fresh salad cream

- + -

various cold meats

ENGLISH BEEF * HAM * CHICKEN

TURKEY ===== DUCK



ALFIE "I'm in charge"



Skipper "Gel"



"THE BOSS"



"Come in - No.7"



"Second to None"

CHOCOLATE GATEAU

RICHARD'S APPLE PIE

fresh cream

CHEESE CAKE

.....

CHEESE & BISCUITS

* VARIOUS FRUITS

* "AFTER EIGHTS"

COFFEE

good luck

good health

God bless you

VINOS

red white

medium dry

cider

cokes

BAR

Lemonade

BEERS

Lights

Lagers

Browns

D.D's



"D.M." or No.9.



"BOWLIE"



JOCK of
"Sutton Arms"



"D.G."



Gilly Kinky Webby

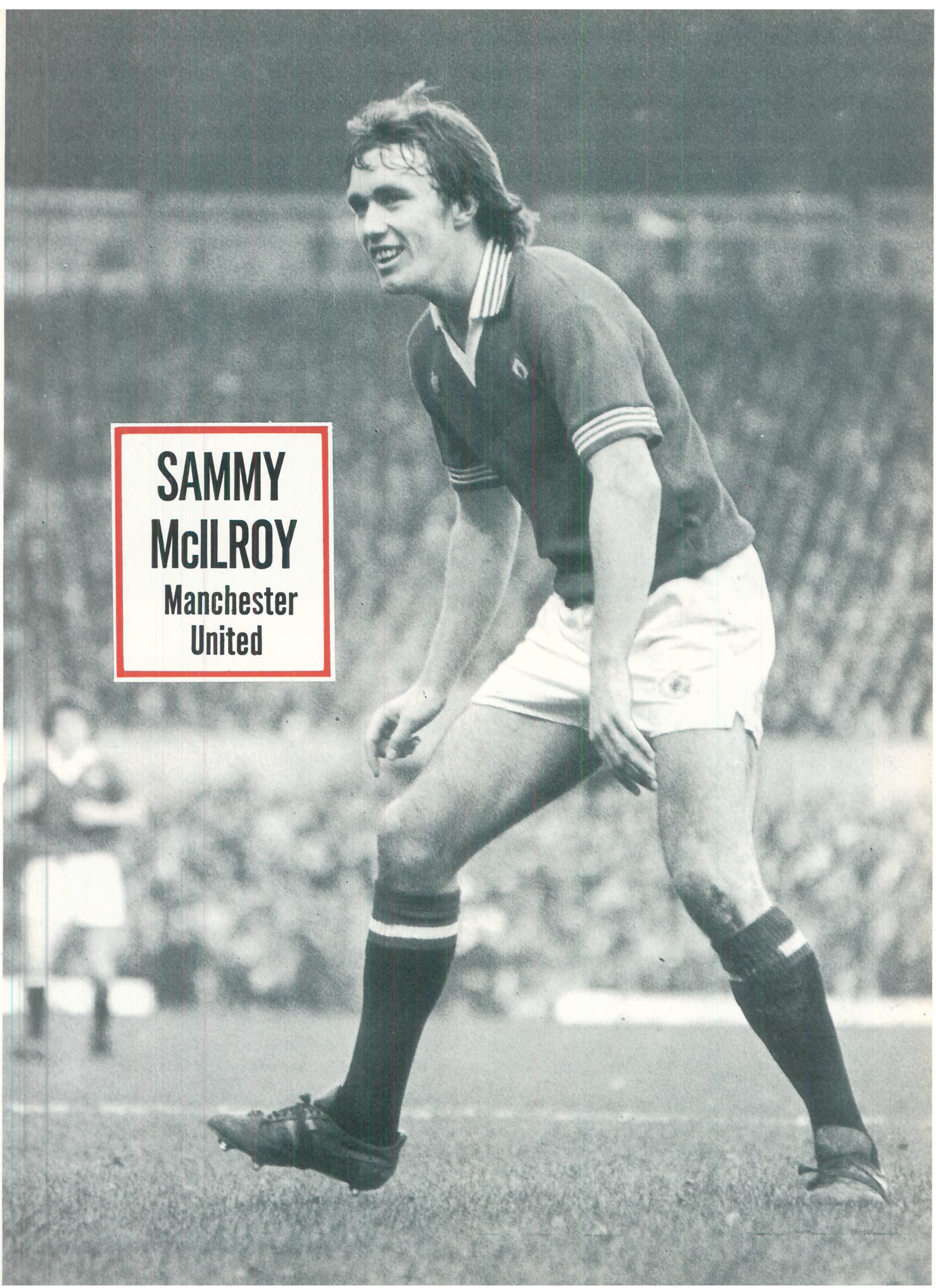
Key to menu—Alfie—The travelling steward (also acts in this role in pressroom); "Gel"—Gerry Francis; Gillard (Gilly); Clement (Kinky—his hair); Webb (Webby); Sexton (Boss); Thomas (No.7); "Deep Joy" (John Hollins); "D.M." (Don Masson); "Bowlie" (Stan Bowles); Jock of "Sutton Arms" (Frank McLintock—his pub); "D.G." (Don Givens); "Second to none" (Phil Parkes); "Micky L" (Mick Leach).





**Willie
Maddren**

Middlesbrough



**SAMMY
McILROY**
Manchester
United

MIXED MORNING FOR MIKE



MIKE PEJIC'S father was a farmer in Yugoslavia. So it's not so surprising this

England internationalist should get into the business himself.

Last year he bought a 25-acre farm in the Derbyshire hills.

Now Mike's day starts very early with a check on his stock—including twelve head of cattle.

Then it's off to Stoke for a tough training session—and back to the farm.

"I hope to buy more land and develop things considerably," he says.



The ABC of QPR



DON MASSON and family—wife **MARGARET**, **NEIL** (aged 8), **JAYNE** (7). Pictured at their Berkshire home.

It took me over ten years as a professional to reach the First Division—but I don't think I have wasted any time.

Now I've got myself a few Scottish caps I really feel on top of the world.

I'm aiming for at least another six seasons at the top. If I am not still a First Division player at age 36 or 37 I'll be disappointed.

I don't have any weight problems or fitness worries. I may not even have reached my peak yet as a midfielder player. And over the past year or two I have been able to get a close-up of Frank McLintock doing his stuff so wonderfully at an age when most players have already hung up their boots.

I believe the late 20's—I was 28—is the ideal time to reach the top. You know all about the ups and downs. You've had it tough in the lower divisions. So nothing is taken for granted.



DAVE SEXTON—
manager of Queen's Park Rangers

I began to feel I was getting somewhere in the game when I joined, Notts County in 1968. Though the day I signed, County were in 90th place in the Football League. Two places from the bottom of the Fourth Division!

My few years with Middlesbrough can be written off—despite I was in the team that

won promotion from the Third Division. I was never really in favour at Ayresome Park. I couldn't win a regular first-team place under manager Stan Anderson, so the move to Notts County opened up a new career for me.

Notts County were a side with great tradition, but they had been going through bad times. There was only one way to go—up. And that is how it's been for me ever since. Every season since I joined Notts County I have finished higher up the league. And I hope the improvement is not yet over.

The season I went to Meadow Lane we climbed from 22nd to finish 19th. The next year we were seventh. A year later we were champions of the Fourth Division.

Our first year in the Third Division almost brought us promotion again. Eventually, we finished fourth. But we clinched matters twelve months later by finishing second behind Bolton Wanderers.

(Continued on next page)

NOTTS COUNTY DAYS WERE GOOD FOR ME

We ended our first year back in the Second Division in 10th place. When I moved on to Rangers, County were just in the top half of the table.

Now I won't be content until I make it to first place in the whole of the League. Of course, last season, Rangers spent some time at the top of the table — and finished runners-up. Now, I'm as confident of Rangers eventually winning the title as I have always been of making the grade personally in the First Division.

I have always been an organiser on the field. That's why I got on so well in my six seasons with County. Billy Gray, who signed me, left soon afterwards. Jack Wheeler, the caretaker manager, made me team captain and took me into his confidence almost from the word go.

I had complete freedom on the field. Once the team was out on the pitch I was in charge. Any decisions were mine. Positional changes, penalties, the lot.

And we did so well, the thought of moving anywhere else never occurred to me. We were always in the forefront and I was happy.

Then Bournemouth made a bid for me and that sparked-off a fantastic set of events.

The South Coast club were then top of the Third Division and looking good for promotion. We were several places below them. County accepted an offer of around £125,000 for me. The deal was virtually signed and sealed. Having talked things over with the then

Bournemouth manager John Bond — now manager of Norwich City — I was excited about the prospect of joining him at Bournemouth.

Then the whole thing fell through! One minute I was virtually a Bournemouth player. Next I was back with Notts County. I gather the bother was over how the fee was to be paid. It became the subject of a law case when County sued Bournemouth over the breakdown of the transfer. I had to give evidence at the High Court in London.

Bournemouth won their case, and all it did for me was to leave me feeling slightly shattered at the way a player's career can be turned upside-down so easily. My form definitely suffered for a while over the head of it.

But, in the end, it was all for the best from my point of view. Bournemouth missed promotion that season. We took their place.

It was two years and a lot of transfer rumours after that that I was telephoned at the ground one morning by the chairman, Mr Jack Dunnett. He told me terms had been agreed with Queen's Park Rangers.

I was thrilled. I thought of how many great footballers Rangers had and could hardly wait to put my name on the form. I knew that, with my style, I couldn't fail to fit in.

Well, it has all worked out wonderfully. I couldn't have picked a better club to join if I'd been given free choice.

I was lucky in one respect. I was signed to take the place of a player with very similar ideas about the game. Terry Venables. Just as much the organiser on the field when a Rangers' player as I was with Notts County.

To slot into Terry's position all I had to do was play the way I knew best.

Then I had around me big-name internationals like Frank McLintock, Phil Parkes, Dave Thomas, Stan Bowles and Don Givens. It was all very comforting.

My only doubt was about my habit of talking my way through a game. It struck me some of my mates might not like it from a new man. But I fitted in from the word go. Good players know that when you have a go at them it's for the good of the side. They accept it.

Playing for a club like Notts County really brings you down to earth. There's little glamour in it. No national newspaper coverage, no television cameras and the like. You learn to concentrate on the basics of hard work.

Playing for so long in those sort of conditions was good for me. I'm glad I got such good grounding in life and football by working my way up through the grades.

I first got going with the school team in my home village of Banchory, which is 18 miles from Aberdeen.

After making the county team for under-12's, I suddenly found myself whipped off with the family to Middlesbrough, where my father had got a new job.

And there, in my school team, I was spotted by Harold Shepherdson, then

trainer at Ayresome Park. Soon after they signed me.

My problem at Middlesbrough was that manager Stan Anderson fancied Irishman Eric McMordie more than me for the particular position in the team. So Eric was in the team and I wasn't.

I asked for a move several times. Eventually, Billy Gray came to sign me for Notts County. Ironically, after Stan Anderson left Middlesbrough, Eric McMordie lost his place. That's the way it goes . . .

I'm lucky at Rangers to have a manager like Dave Sexton who has similar ideas to me about the game. Dave is a great admirer of the continental style. He has tried to base our style on the possession game adopted by the top Dutch and German teams.

We put a lot of thought into our play. Particularly in the matter of free kicks and other set pieces. A number of different signals have been developed to alert the other players about the type of free kick we are taking.

When I stand over the ball at a free-kick, I'll give a signal to let the other players know what's coming. Like a chip into space for such as Don Givens. A "scoop" over the defensive wall for Gerry Francis. Or a short ball for somebody to drive.

Every player knows his role for each free-kick routine. If he's not directly concerned he'll be trying a "dummy" movement to attract attention away from the main action.

It's my responsibility to decide what we are aiming to do. We work variations galore in training. When it comes to a match it's for me to decide which routine best suits the situation.

It's great to be with Rangers. And I'm sure the best is yet to come — for me and the team.

I Was Lucky To Follow Terry Venables

TWICE TIMES TAYLOR



TOMMY (left) and ALAN.

THE name's the same. But, apart from being key men for West Ham United, that's almost all Alan and Tommy Taylor have in common.

Alan, swift-moving striker from Lancashire, is still finding his feet in the First Division. Tommy, solidly-built defender, has over 400 league and cup games behind him.

5 ft. 7 in. and 10½ st. of greased lightning to keep defences on the hop. 6 ft. 1 in. and 13 st. of solid strength to keep strikers out.

Alan's rise to the top levelled out a little last season. He couldn't maintain the momentum of six goals in four F.A. Cup matches—including the brace that beat Fulham in the final.

But he still made critics compare his goal-snatching ability to that of the legendary Jimmy Greaves.

WEIGHT WISH

When Alan first arrived at West Ham his pace got him the nickname "Whippet." That changed to "Sparrow" when he failed to add weight to his lean, spare frame.

"I'd like to add a few pounds to help ward off challenges," he says. "As long as it doesn't take the edge off my speed."

Putting weight on is not Tommy Taylor's problem. He has to diet carefully to keep trim.

Having made his league debut for Orient at 16, towering Tommy is a vastly experienced 25-year-old. With a dozen England Under-23 caps to his name, his eyes are on a full international place.

"I believe I played my best football last season," says Tommy. "It was great experience being in Europe."

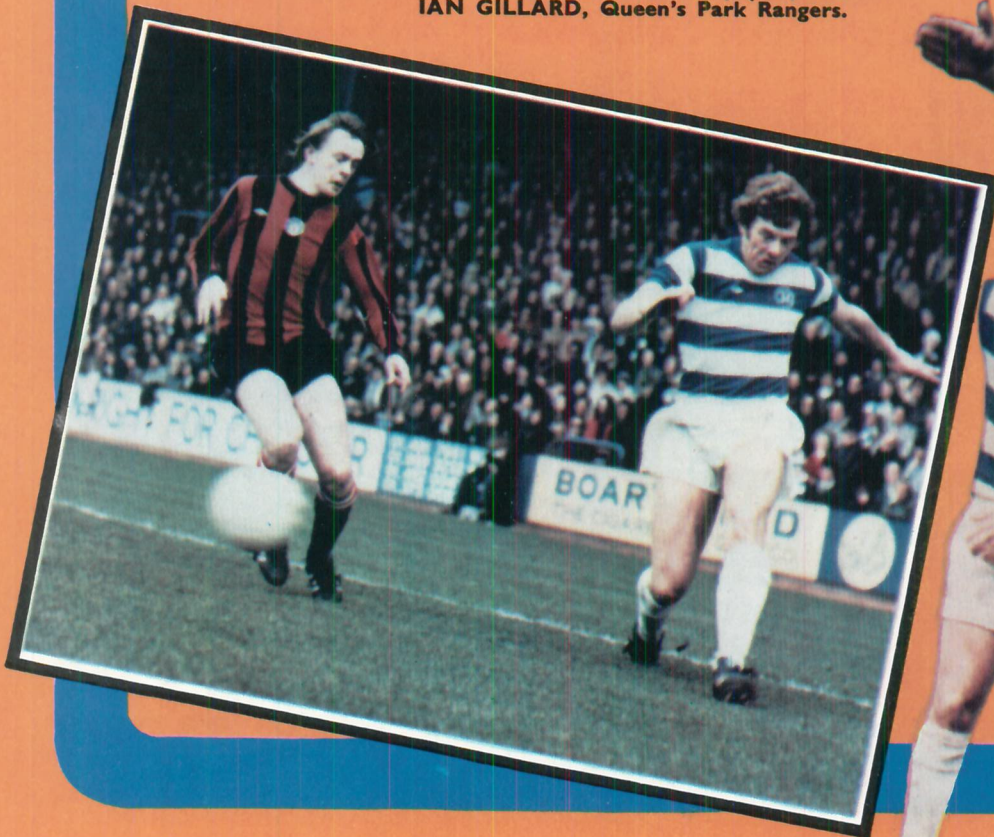
"I wouldn't mind" playing against Continental sides every week. Their type of play, pushing the ball around, probing for an opening, suits my game."

ALL KINDS



Left—He flies through the air to make a fine clutch—**DAVID LAWSON**, Everton.

Below—**PETER BARNES**, Manchester City (left) and **IAN GILLARD**, Queen's Park Rangers.

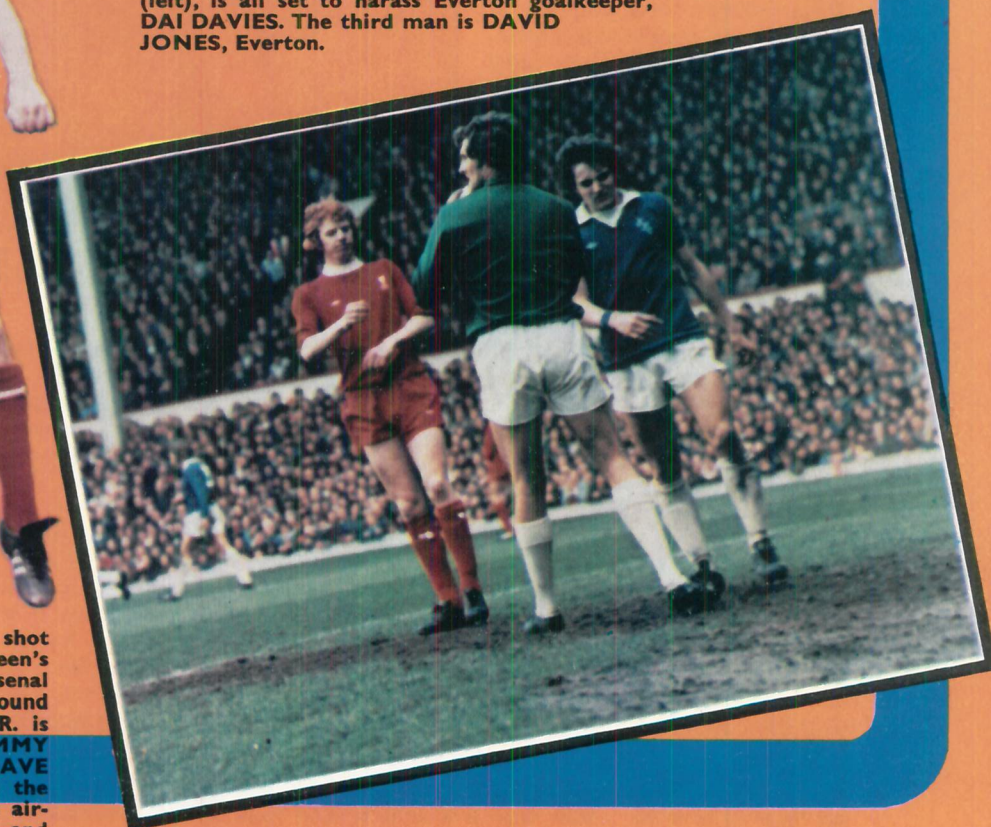


OF ACTION

Right—Getting to the ball first—**DAVE STANIFORTH**, Bristol Rovers. His guardians are **JOHN SPARROW** (left) and **DAVID HAY**, Chelsea.



Below—Liverpool's new ace, **DAVID FAIRCLOUGH** (left), is all set to harass Everton goalkeeper, **DAI DAVIES**. The third man is **DAVID JONES**, Everton.



Above—A six-man shot from last season's Queen's Park Rangers - Arsenal game. In the foreground **IAN GILLARD**, Q.P.R. is up challenging **JIMMY RIMMER**, Arsenal. **DAVE WEBB** watches from the left. **BRIAN KIDD** is airborne on the right—and the two Arsenal men in the background are **SAMMY NELSON** and **PAT RICE**.

SUPER SLOGGER

I'VE come a long way since the days of hanging from bars by my arms, wearing weighted diving boots, trying to stretch my frame.

The months when I let acclaim and money go to my head seem pretty distant, too.

But I still think of those times now I'm a First Division goalkeeper—transferred from Blackpool to Aston Villa for £100,000 last year.

The six months that changed everything for me began just after Blackpool had won the Anglo-Italian Trophy in the summer of 1971.

I had just signed from Workington. Success and a lot of money affected me badly.

For instance, I bought a sports car

‘I was ordered to get rid of my car’

and went out and enjoyed myself instead of dedicating myself to football.

My form suffered. I was dropped. It was then three special people took a hand.

There was Bob Stokoe, now manager of Sunderland, but, at the time, my boss at Bloomfield Road. He pulled me over the coals and made me get rid of my car. That was the best thing that could have happened to me.

Then I met Janet, now my wife. She made me realise I could go to the top. Gave me confidence to start again. I did—this time with new dedication.

The third person to put me back on the rails was my landlady at Blackpool, Dorothy Dutkowski. She was a 'Pool fanatic and was like a second mother to me.

She had arthritis and ulcers in her legs, but she looked after me and I looked after her.

Dorothy made me eat all the right foods. Every meal was full of proteins. Steak, fish, eggs. She piled them into me.

Thanks to Dorothy's food and the training routines I developed, my weight increased from 11½ stone to 13 stone 3 lbs. in two years. That's my fighting weight now. It's all muscle and I don't feel lumbered.

At Workington I'd had problems with my height. I was a real "Tich" for a 'keeper. That's where the diving boots came in.

The club sent me to a health school to try to stretch my spine. And there I was, dangling from a bar, a harness on my back, weighted boots on my feet.

I used to do that for twenty minutes, three times a week, for about a year until my back got too sore to go on.

It was worth it. I grew two inches.

But that was tame compared with what I started to put myself through at Blackpool.

Over a year or so I developed a training routine that was so strenuous Janet had to lay me out on the floor some nights because I just couldn't walk.

My schedule was pretty rigid, and I kept to it—no matter what.



A tip or two during training for Aston Villa youngsters STEVE SHORT (left) and JOHN CAPALDI.

I still do. Christmas, New Year, birthdays . . . nothing must get in the way.

Janet suffers because of this. I've missed her birthday because it was my weights night. But she would worry if I missed out on my schedule.

I take part in all normal training with the rest of the team. Then come my sessions to concentrate on goalkeeping practice and weights.

There are times in the morning training spell when I face shots from my mates almost continuously for one-and-a-half hours. I probably deal with well over one thousand shots a day.

In the afternoons I go back to the training ground and work on other aspects of my game. Crosses, punching, kicking and the like.

JOHN BURRIDGE, Aston Villa goalkeeper,

—He trained so hard he couldn't even walk . . .

At nights I go to a local gym and do weight work. I also have weights at home. I use them in the back garden, but I'm hoping to have a gymnasium built on to the house very soon.

Then local youngsters will be able to come and work out with me. Because, as you can imagine, it's very lonely training on your own.

My training routines are consistent. I lead a steady way of life. That helps bring regular good performance on the field.

I don't drink or smoke, and never go to bed late during the season. The only time I relax is during the summer. Even then, I don't let up on the work.

In the past, I've worked on a building site during the close season to step up my strength . . . and taken my weights along so I could do my exercises, too.

I'm with one of the country's greatest clubs. I

6 Miners' rugby in pit clogs really toughened me up 9

just couldn't believe it when I heard Villa wanted to buy me.

Yet, strangely enough, they could have had me for nothing. They were just one of the clubs watching me when I was at school in Workington.

I signed for my home town club in the end, and don't regret it at all. I was in the first team at 17, playing with seasoned professionals. I learned a tremendous amount.

After turning out in thirty-odd games for them, I went on loan to Blackpool. They were headed for relegation to Division Two when I arrived. I played the last three games of the season.

In my debut I had the game of my life. It was against Everton and finished 0-0. I saved everything. Two more good games against Crystal Palace and Manchester United, and Blackpool signed me for £17,000.

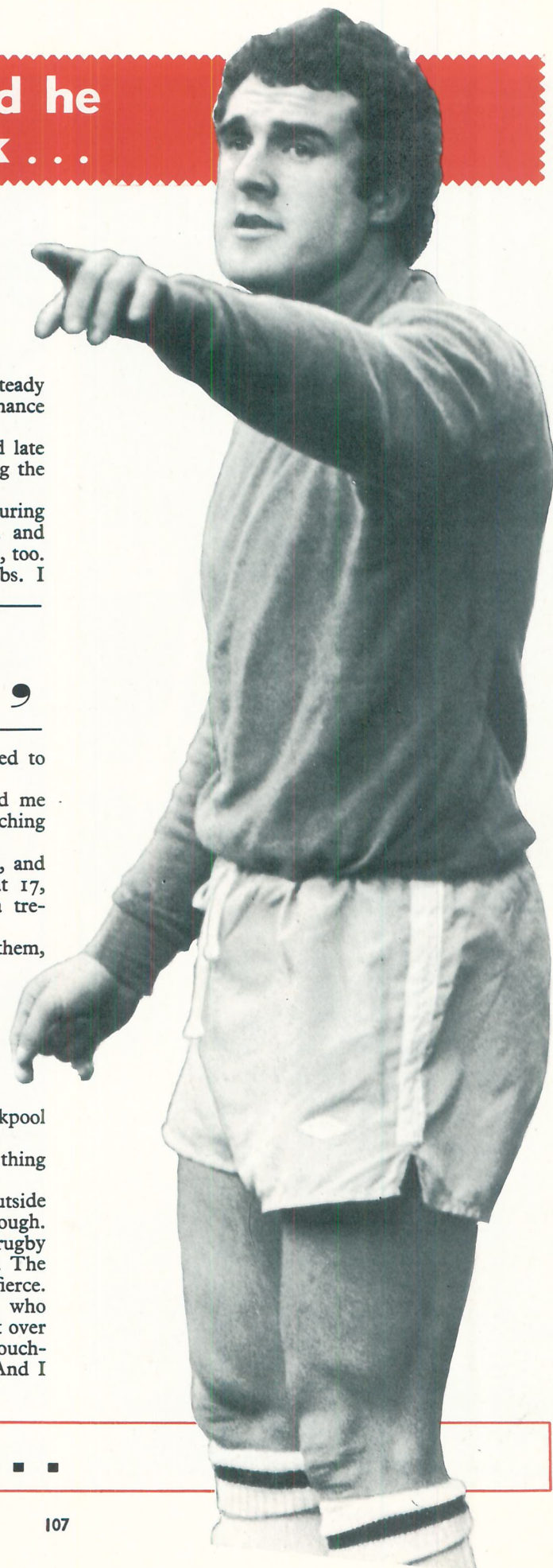
Lots of things have changed for me, but one thing that hasn't is my will to win.

I was brought up in a mining village just outside Workington. Times were hard and people were tough.

I can remember taking part in games of rugby on a Sunday afternoon when I was ten or eleven. The miners would play in pit clogs. Competition was fierce.

In one game I was up against my father, who played rugby with Leeds. He charged at me to get over for a try and punched me in the eye to make the touch-down. That's how much people wanted to win. And I became no different.

tells his story . . .



KEYMEN OF EVERTON



MICK LYONS



MARTIN DOBSON



DAVE LATCHFORD, Birmingham City



FOR me, Saturday, November 15, 1975, was the finest day in my 58 years on this earth.

For then I became probably the "oldest" man ever to take up his very first appointment as manager of a Football League club.

Carlisle United, of course.

So ended perhaps the longest apprenticeship anyone has ever worked before ascending to the "hot seat." Forty years all told since I first joined the pro ranks as a player with Sheffield United.

With twenty of those years spent at Brunton Park as No. 2 to eight other managers.

There were many thought I was slightly mad taking on the job at my age. There was also concern about my health.

Twice in the previous year I'd been restricted to light duties at Brunton Park because of a chest complaint. Indeed, on the day Alan Ashman resigned and I became caretaker-boss, I'd only just been given the all-clear from a specialist.

Football is my life. Always has been. Always will be. On the day I at last became a manager I couldn't help but look back on what it has given me.

A Geordie by birth, it was in 1935 I first became a pro at Sheffield. Maximum wage then was £8. Quite a difference from nowadays when there are £200 a week men.

Mind you, though eight quid doesn't seem a lot now, it was big money at a time when some men were having to work six days a week for just 30 bob.

I spent 14 years with United. Half of them war years. And, like most footballers, I split my life between the services and playing soccer.

After my time with Sheffield I went on to Lincoln City, and for eight years served them first as a player and then player-coach.

But, when I was asked if I'd like to become coach to Carlisle, I needed no second invite. And so began my partnership with the John Peel country.

Yet I was taking a bit of a gamble. For the Carlisle set-up then was unrecognisable to what it is today. Here were all the

THAT WAS A DAY THAT WAS!

By **DICK YOUNG, Carlisle United Manager**

hallmarks of a club on its way out.

Had someone said to me, on my first day, that 18 years later Carlisle would be able to boast they'd headed the First Division, I'd have laughed in their face.

But that was what happened in 1974, when we reached Division One for the first time in our history, and, after the opening handful of matches, actually topped the table.

It was the climax to one of the game's greatest rags to riches stories.

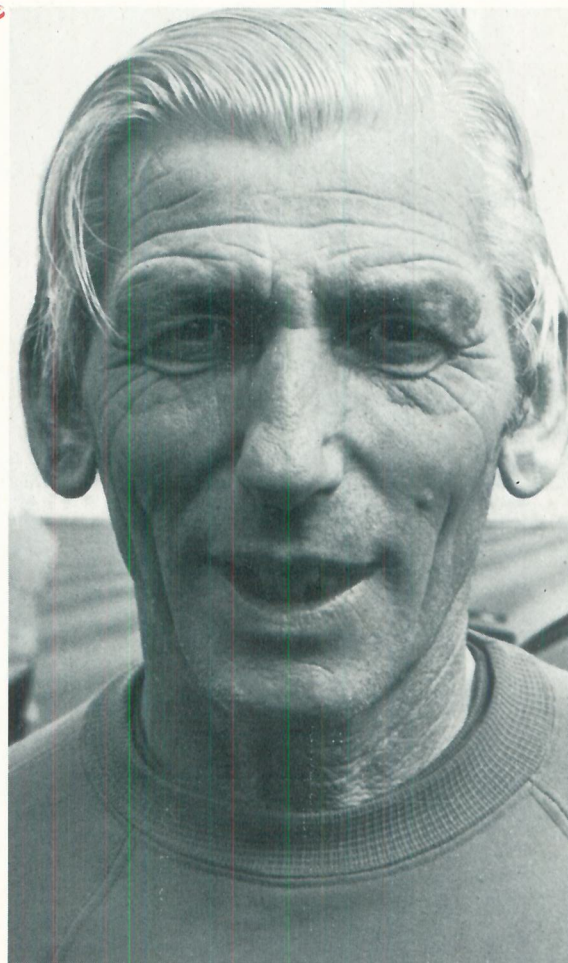
Sadly we were only to enjoy a brief spell among the elite. The following year we were back in the Second Division. But the memory is still strong.

In an age when many clubs live on an overdraft, we pride ourselves that, by careful budgeting, we actually make money. And that we seem to have the ability to buy wisely and cheaply when it comes to players.

Yes, I will always regard Carlisle United as very special. For, as well as everything else, I must have one of the friendliest-ever understandings between manager and board of directors.

I have just signed my first contract with the club. And I know that, should they want a younger man to take over from me, I will still be employed in some capacity by them.

Could anything be fairer?

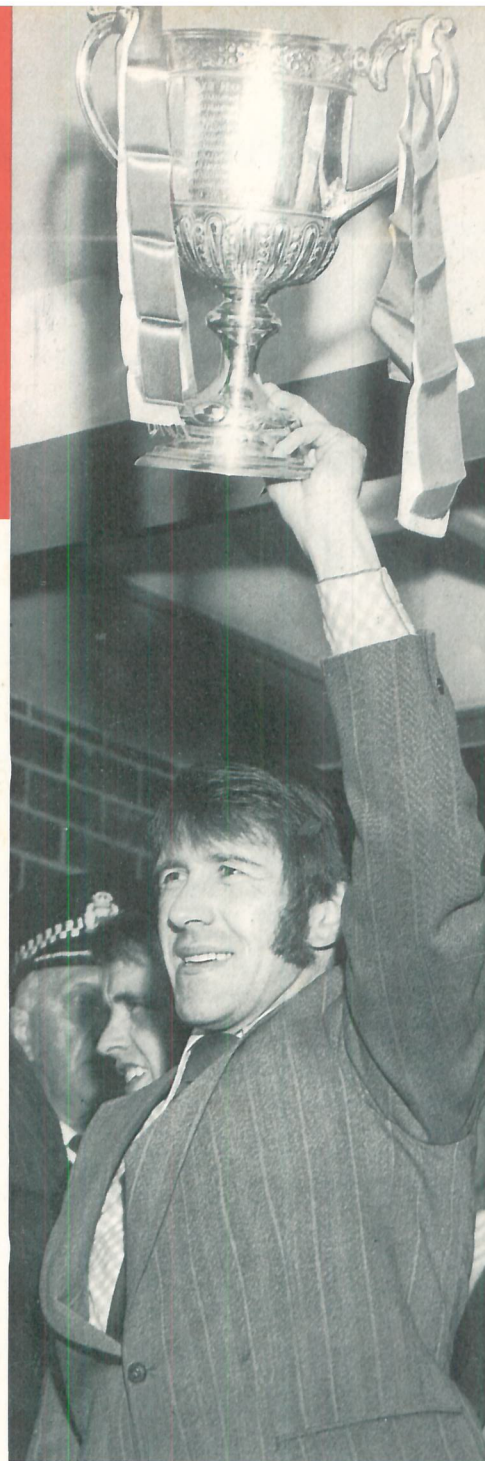


The TARTAN RANGER



NOT only because John Greig sells tartan to tourists is he worthy of the title, "The Tartan Ranger."

From Scotland's capital city of Edinburgh, he has served his country nobly as international captain and been a tremendous tower of strength to his club, the famous Rangers of Glasgow.



BECOME a footballer and see the world, they told me.

So, instead of joining the Navy, I signed for the famous Rangers.

Although, I admit, only because my boyhood favourites, Hearts, had made no move for me.

See the world I certainly have done with both Rangers and Scotland. I've visited just about every corner.

I know Europe almost as well as a travel agent. I've been to U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand—the list is almost inexhaustible.

But I'll never forget my first two trips abroad with Rangers. Both behind the "Iron Curtain" to Russia and East Berlin, they were certainly no joy-rides.

I thought at the time—if this is what playing football abroad is all about, you can keep it. I actually vowed never to return to Russia. Thankfully I've never been asked to.

I would never have made that three-game tour in June, 1962, but for a call-off. Jim Baxter, then on National Service with the Black Watch, had been included in a British Army team to tour the Middle East.

As it happened, the trip turned out to be the making of me. I played in all three games. We beat Moscow Locomotiv 3-1, Tiflis Dynamo 1-0 and drew 1-1 against the then champions, Kiev Dynamo.

These results seemed to take a trick with our fans. 10,000 of them turned up to give us a heroes' welcome at Glasgow Airport. That's when I realised what it meant to play for Rangers.

The year before I'd made my first trip overseas. Rangers were drawn against Vorwaerts of East Berlin in the European

The Player Who Was So Wild At Losing . . .

HE THREW HIS RUNNERS-UP MEDAL INTO THE CROWD

By **JOHN GREIG**, Rangers

A MEMORABLE DAY AT WEMBLEY

Cup. Although I didn't play I was taken along for the experience. And what an experience it turned out to be.

We arrived in West Berlin, which was like Hollywood compared with the other half of the city. We had to cross through "Checkpoint Charlie," the only opening in the Berlin Wall. Armed guards and machine-guns were everywhere.

Everyone seemed suspicious of us. But the team scored a great 2-1 win and we high-tailed it back to the civilised Western sector of the city immediately after the game.

Incredibly, because the East Germans couldn't get visas for Scotland, we had to play our home leg in Malmö, Sweden. There the game was abandoned because of fog, and we replayed before a sprinkling of fans before noon the following day. We won 4-1, too.

Of course I do a fair bit of travelling even when I'm at home. I've always lived in Edinburgh, despite being with Rangers for over 17 years. I take the train from Edinburgh to Glasgow every day. That's a round trip of almost 100 miles. In all I reckon I've travelled over 400,000 miles.

Easily my greatest moment as a Ranger was skippering the team to win the European Cup-Winners' Cup against Moscow Dynamo in Barcelona in 1972. We finished on top by 3-2 after being 3-0 ahead at one time.

What a difference the players' after-match celebrations were compared to 1967, when we lost the final of the same competition to Bayern Munich.

They beat us 1-0 after extra time. Roger Hynd, who played centre-forward for us that evening, was so disgusted he actually threw his runners-up medal into the crowd.

Another achievement, fairly late in my career, was leading Rangers to the Scottish First Division Championship in season '74-'75.

Having seen Celtic lift the flag nine times in a row, I was beginning to despair. Surely I wouldn't go down in the record books as the only Rangers captain never to lift the title.

Things came right at Easter Road, in my home town of Edinburgh. We went to play Hibs needing only one point to make sure Hibs themselves couldn't catch us — even although it wasn't the last game of the season.

I was far from 100 per cent. fit that afternoon. But knowing my feelings, our manager made me a substitute.

With a few minutes remaining, and the scores tied at 1-1, skipper-for-the-day Sandy Jardine came off to allow me the honour of being on the field when Rangers

clinched their first championship win in 11 years. We did it again last season, of course. With the League Cup and Scottish Cup to make up a big treble triumph.

In my years as a Scotland player, I've had some marvellous moments, too. None more so than when Scotland went to Wembley in 1967 to take on an England who had won the World Cup the previous year and were still undefeated.

We rose to the occasion in a big way, winning 3-2.

Another outstanding Scotland memory for me was beating Italy 1-0 at Hampden in a World Cup tie.

Jock Stein, then Scotland manager, shook me before the game by asking me to play right-back — for the first time ever. Mr Stein reckoned we'd a better chance getting past the packed Italian defence with the full-backs making late overlaps down the flanks and getting the ball across from the bye-line.

Before over 100,000 fanatical home fans, we hit the Italians with everything except a goal. Then, in the last minute, with the Italians in sight of the goal-less draw they came for, I tried a burst through the middle for a change.

The move worked a treat and I scored the only goal of the game.

But it wasn't enough to take us to the World Cup finals in England. The Italians beat a very much under-strength Scottish team 3-0 in the second leg in Naples.

For me this game was especially memorable. For I was made captain of my country for the very first time.

Strangely, the first cap I ever won was a "full" one.

Out of the blue I was selected to play against England at Hampden in 1964. This brought another memorable win, this time by 1-0.

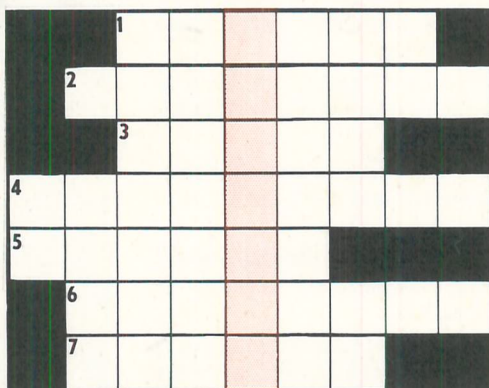
I have one big regret. Never have I played in the later stages of the World Cup. When Scotland finally qualified for West Germany in 1974, I was no longer in the team.

Yet, I was recalled against Denmark last year in the Nations' Cup at the age of 33 — to again captain my country. So who knows but that I may yet achieve my ambition and be part of Scotland's team if we make it to the 1978 finals.

Now my days in the game as a player are numbered, I'm spending more time in my sports shop in Edinburgh. When I started, I sold only sports gear. Now I have moved to a place next door to Holyrood Palace, and only a mile from the Castle, I'm selling tartan souvenirs to the thousands of tourists, mainly Americans, who come into the shop.

FIND THE TEAM

Find the team, reading down in the red squares, by answering the clues across —



1. He rises high at Roker Park.
2. East Anglians on song.
3. ——— Field. Home of Welsh club.
4. City with two League clubs.
5. So next manager is ———
6. Gayfield go-getters.
7. Venue of 1958 World Cup.

(Answers on page 125)

IT AIN'T HALF HOT, MUM



FIRST of a set of "TV Titles for Football Pictures"—featuring GARY OWEN, Manchester City, in one of the special weather suits he and his clubmates use when on substitute duty. Over the page now for other "TV Tie-Ups."

T.V. Titles for Football Pictures

Continued

TOP OF THE POPS.

DAVE MACKAY,
Derby County
manager with his wife
and four children.



RISING DAMP

A muddy day at
the practice
ground for **JOE
CORRIGAN,**
Manchester City
'keeper.

THE LIVER BIRDS.

Applause from "KOP" customers
at Liverpool's Anfield Stadium.



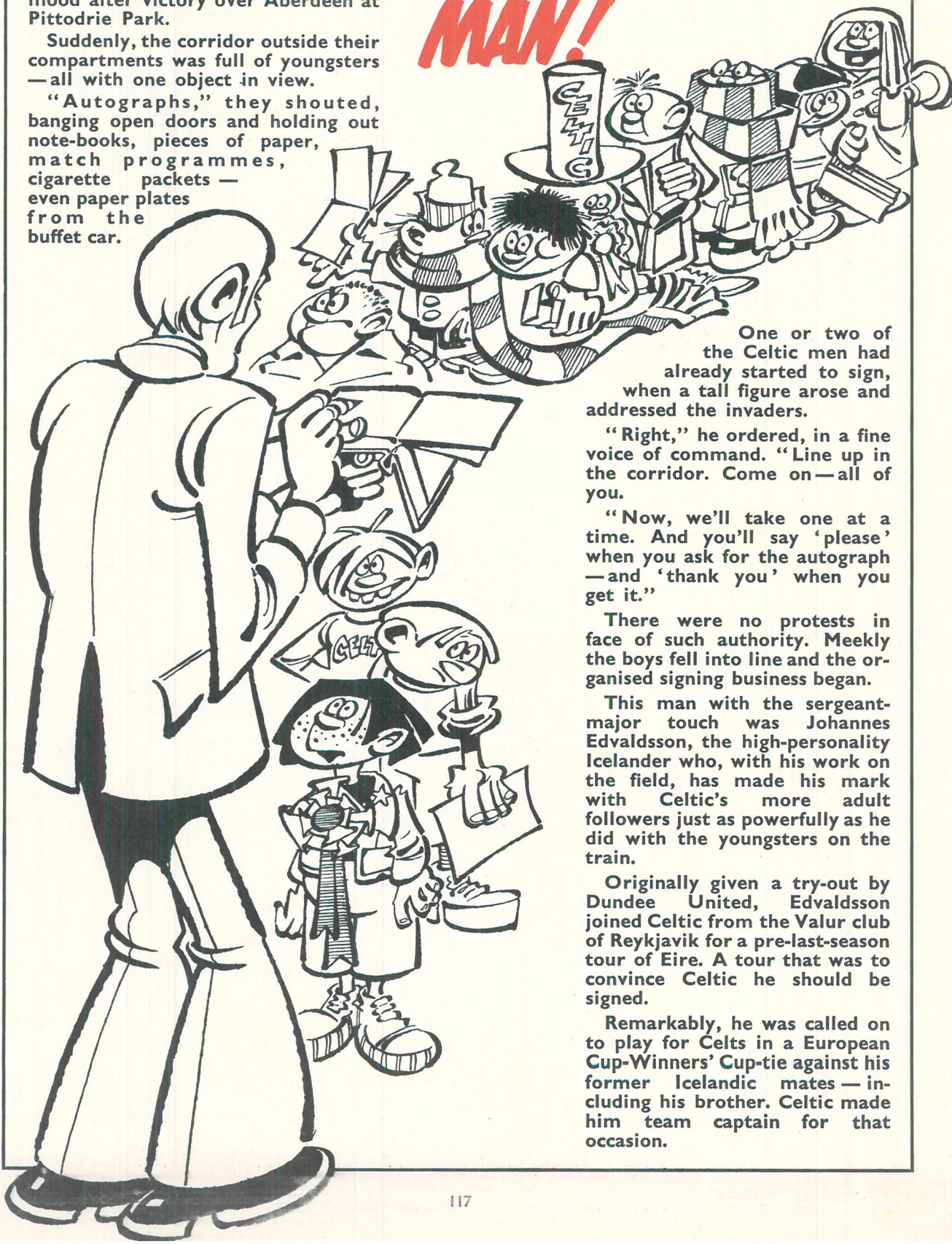
SOUTHBOUND, the Saturday evening train from Aberdeen was attaining full speed after clearing the city.

On board were the players of the famous Celtic of Glasgow, in happy mood after victory over Aberdeen at Pittodrie Park.

Suddenly, the corridor outside their compartments was full of youngsters—all with one object in view.

"Autographs," they shouted, banging open doors and holding out note-books, pieces of paper, match programmes, cigarette packets—even paper plates from the buffet car.

THE "PLEASE AND THANK YOU" MAN!



One or two of the Celtic men had already started to sign, when a tall figure arose and addressed the invaders.

"Right," he ordered, in a fine voice of command. "Line up in the corridor. Come on—all of you."

"Now, we'll take one at a time. And you'll say 'please' when you ask for the autograph—and 'thank you' when you get it."

There were no protests in face of such authority. Meekly the boys fell into line and the organised signing business began.

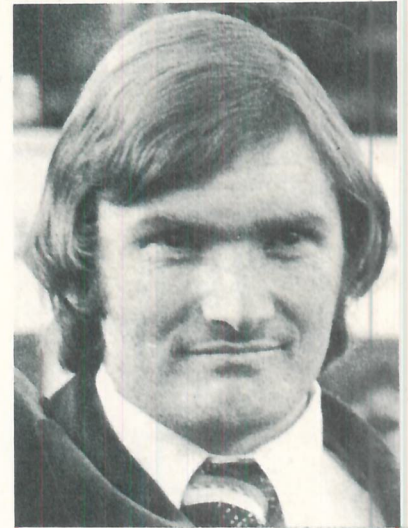
This man with the sergeant-major touch was Johannes Edvaldsson, the high-personality Iclander who, with his work on the field, has made his mark with Celtic's more adult followers just as powerfully as he did with the youngsters on the train.

Originally given a try-out by Dundee United, Edvaldsson joined Celtic from the Valur club of Reykjavik for a pre-last-season tour of Eire. A tour that was to convince Celtic he should be signed.

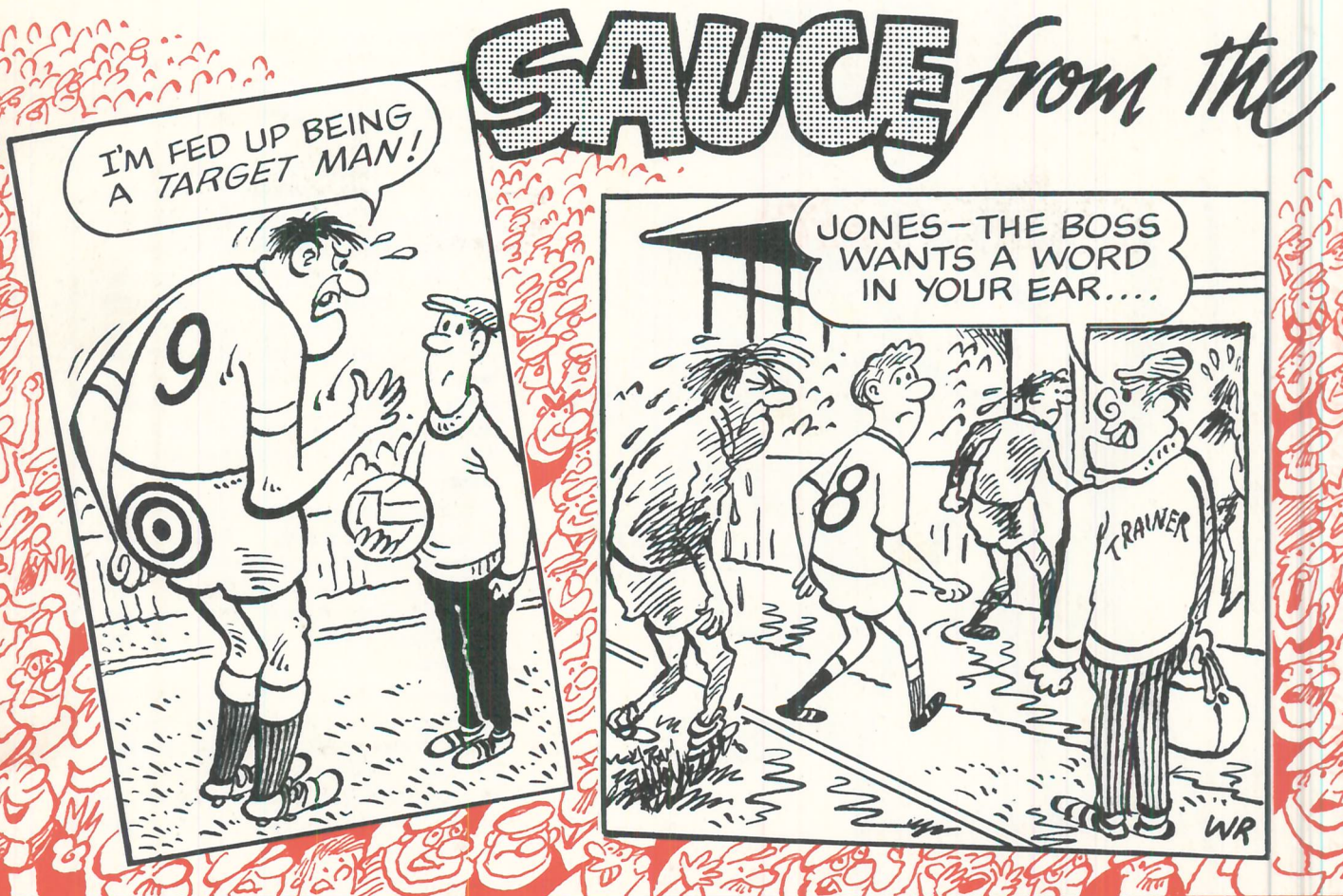
Remarkably, he was called on to play for Celts in a European Cup-Winners' Cup-tie against his former Icelandic mates—including his brother. Celtic made him team captain for that occasion.

REMEMBER? — IT ALL

- 1 — Which player scored all four goals in a 2-2 First Division game?
- 2 — Which team captain was sold to an American club for £45,000?
- 3 — Liverpool had two “ever-presents” in League games. Goalkeeper Ray Clemence was one. The other?
- 4 — Who were the only two big-time money players transferred from Scotland to England?
- 5 — Who refereed the F.A. Cup Final?
- 6 — Which team scored over 100 League goals?
- 7 — Which club had five players in the same England team?
- 8 — Which Fourth Division side reached the sixth round of the F.A. Cup only to lose to eventual Cup-winners Southampton?



9 — This player figured in the biggest transfer deal. Who is he?



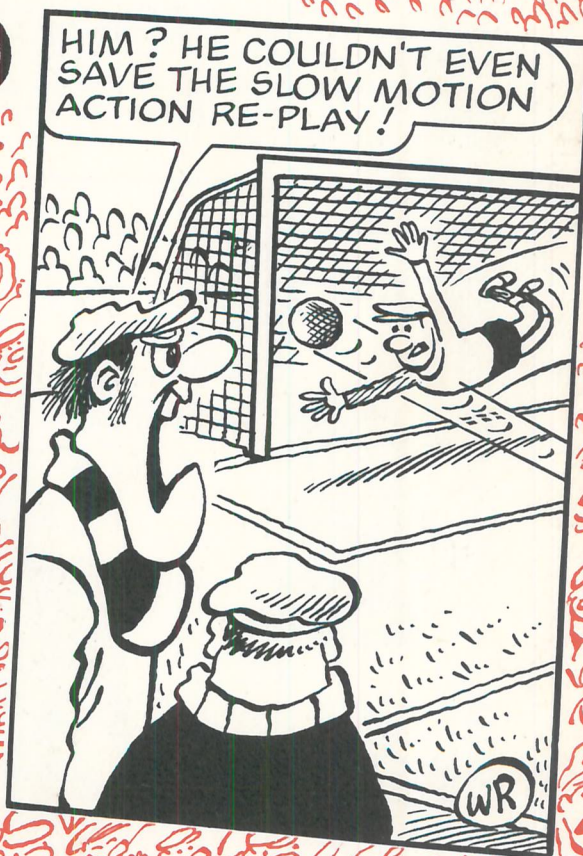
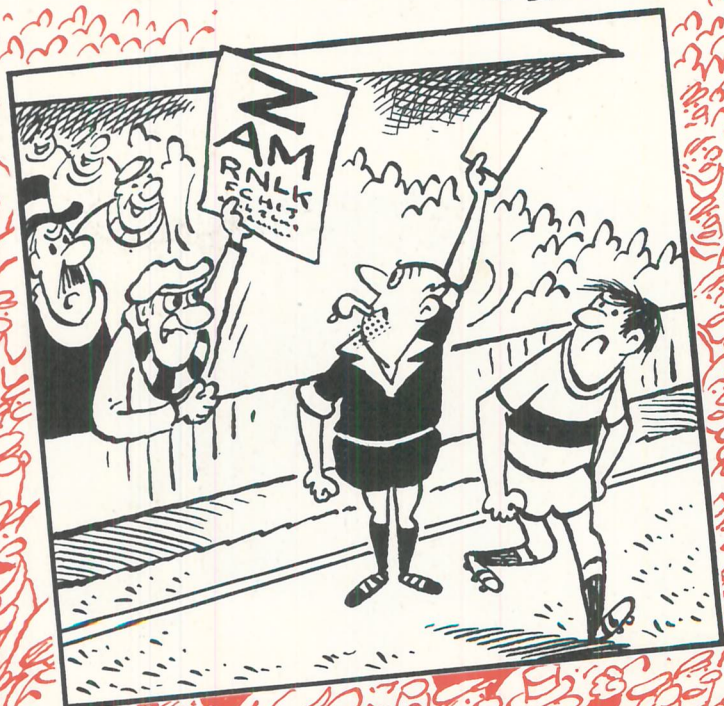
HAPPENED LAST SEASON



10 — This Division III forward won an England cap. Name him.

- 11 — Who were the semi-finalists in the League Cup competition?
- 12 — Who won the F.A. Challenge Trophy?
- 13 — Which team were top First Division scorers?
- 14 — Who was leading First Division goalscorer?
- 15 — Which British club won most major trophies?
- 16 — Which three teams did not win an away League game?
- 17 — Which First Division side had an unbeaten home record?
- 18 — Which other Football League club took part in the European Cup - Winners' Cup apart from finalists West Ham United?
- 19 — Which player scored the last League goal of the season?
- 20 — Which was the last team to gain promotion?

SIDELINES



Full House For Phil

IT used to be said—"Footballers only have brains in their feet."

But never nowadays. Not with the sort of fellows we have in the game.

Take Lincoln City. They're reckoned to have some of the brainiest fellows in the Football League. Including full-back and ex-university student Phil Neale.

Phil was three years at Leeds University before he hit his target—a degree in Russian!

"I took it as security," he says. "I was going to use it in business. At a pinch I would have become a Russian teacher.

"I've never had a chance to use my Russian on a visiting team. When I was at university a side from Russia did come on tour. They needed an interpreter, but I was away playing football at the time. So somebody else had to be found to take the job on."

Having such qualifications can also have drawbacks. "When things go wrong on the field, I've heard shouts from the crowd about 'A' levels doing nothing for my football."

Apart from football and a university degree Phil Neale's box of tricks contains an extra. In the summer you will find him doing his stuff for



PHIL NEALE

Worcestershire County Cricket Club.

"I hope the time never comes when I have to make the decision between either sport," he says.

Before joining Lincoln, Phil played as an amateur for Scunthorpe United. It was there he started thinking seriously about a career in cricket.

"I didn't feel I was getting anywhere with Scunthorpe," he says. "I left, and was all set to make a go of it with Worcestershire. But football had a hold on me.

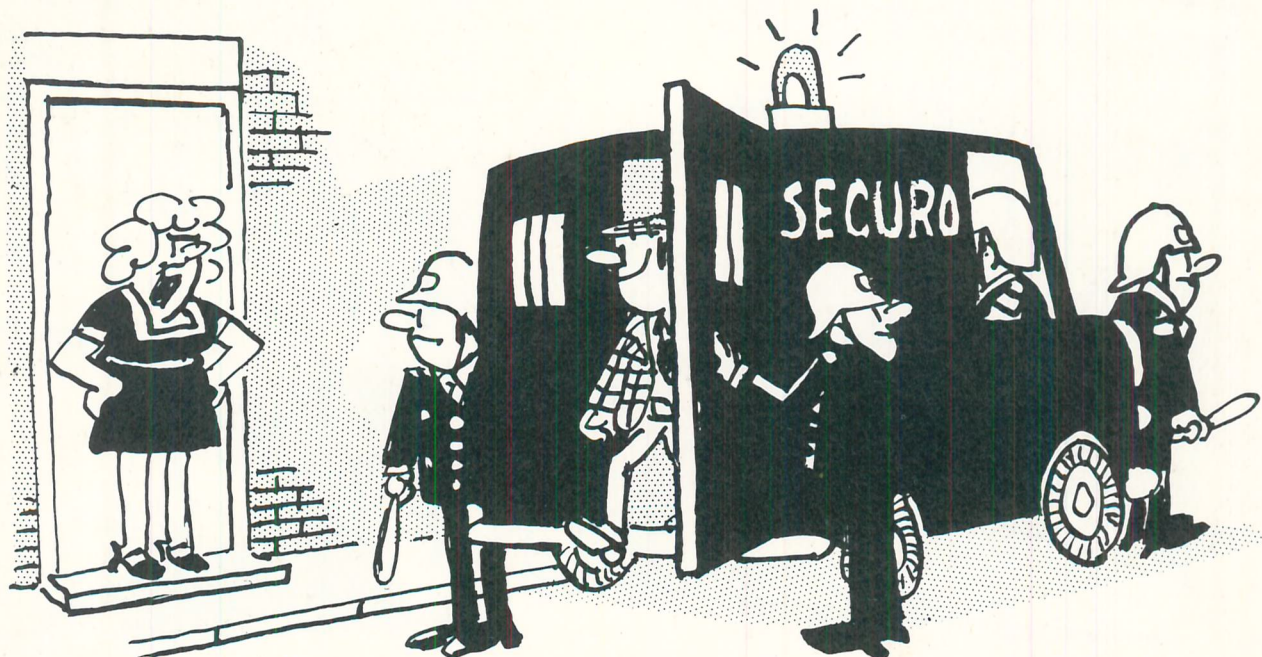
"I went to Lincoln and again signed amateur forms. When I got my degree I signed full-time for Worcestershire and professional for City."

Last season—his first full one as a pro at Lincoln—Phil helped the club to promotion from Fourth to Third Division. But it's from cricket that most of his honours have come.

"I played for the England Youth team. Also, remember, Worcestershire were runners-up in the John Player League—and I managed one of their games."

That game gave Phil one of his tensest moments in sport...

"I was last man in and Worcestershire needed only 15 runs to win against Lancashire at Old Trafford," he recalled. "And we made it."



"So you've got your ticket for the big match."

BIG DAY FOR JOE



LEEDS UNITED raider, JOE JORDAN, didn't win any major awards with the club last season, but he did do a lot to help Scotland win the Home International Championship. Here (left) Joe shows off the trophy with team-mates TOM FORSYTH and DANNY McGRAIN, who is wearing his swopped England jersey.

HOODOO on the

ONE of the most difficult hunts I had in my job as football scout for First Division Burnham City was when I tried to sign the "Invisible Man."

That was the name I gave to a very elusive character. My name's Bill Powell, by the way.

I first came across the Invisible Man when I went to the town of Hinton one week-end to look at a young Hinton United full-back.

I didn't know Hinton very well, and there was a shortage of taxis when I came out of the station. However, a porter directed me to a bus that went past the Hinton ground, and away I went.

I was sitting on the top deck of the bus when I noticed a playing field. The traffic came to a stop and the bus halted almost alongside the field. I had a good view of the junior football match which had already started there.

A team in red was just mounting an attack. Their centre-forward, lying deep, swung on to the ball. He hooked it across to the wing, dropping a pass right at the toes of the outside-left.

The winger cut down the line and lifted the ball back. The centre-forward in red came rocketing through. He jumped for the ball and met it with his head. The ball shot past the 'keeper and into the goal.

The bus started to move before I could see any more. I hadn't watched enough of the play to make any judgment, but that well-taken goal had left me feeling that the centre-forward had a good football sense.

There was something vaguely familiar about his style. I made a mental note to have another look at him sometime. I also found the game I'd come to watch had been cancelled.

A fortnight later I was in Hinton again. Once more I caught a bus from the railway station. As I sat on the top deck, I remembered the junior game I had seen the

time before, and I looked out for the playing field.

There was no sign of it. The bus rolled along between houses and shops without a blade of grass in sight. The playing field had disappeared as completely as if it had been a mirage!

I couldn't understand it. I had caught a No. 7 bus, the same as before. When I got off at the United ground, I spoke to the conductor. He assured me that this was the only bus service that ran between the station and the United stadium.

It was a real puzzle. I was still thinking about it when the teams came out. Then I concentrated on

SHORT STORY

By

THE SCOUT WHO FOUND HIS QUARRY JUST TOO ELUSIVE

the game, but I didn't see much that impressed me. The young back was a reliable sort of player, but he hadn't that little extra that makes all the difference. I decided to advise our manager, John Freeman, not to buy him.

I mentioned as much to Bob Banks, the Hinton manager, after the game.

"I'm afraid I have to agree with you, Bill," he said. "I'm still looking for a back with the ability of George Trent." He paused. "But without Trent's temperament."

I knew what he meant. George Trent had been a brilliant player with the United a few years back.

But he had a violent temper and started mixing with the wrong company.

One night he got into a fight,

injured a man severely, and was sent to prison. Not long afterwards he died. It was a tragedy that was headline news at the time.

Later, Bob ran me to the station in his car. On the way, I mentioned the mystery of the vanishing playing field.

Bob was puzzled at first, but he seemed to recognise my description of the field. He turned the car along some side turnings, and we came out in a quiet road. Behind railings at the side of the road was the playing field I had lost.

"But the bus didn't come this way today!" I exclaimed.

"A couple of weeks ago repairs were being made to the main road," Bob said. "I expect the buses were diverted round here."

Well, that was an easy explanation to the problem that had bothered me. I didn't realise at the time that it was the first step in my hunt for the Invisible Man!

Now that we had taken the United back off our "wanted" list, I had no particular quarry in view. All I had to do was look around for likely prospects.

On the following Saturday, I decided to go back to Hinton. I had the notion that it might be worthwhile to have a longer look at that young centre-forward I had seen from the top of the bus.

This time, I walked from Hinton station and had no difficulty in finding the playing field. I was pleased to see that the team in red were just turning out for a game.

I looked the team over, and had a disappointment. The stocky, fair-haired centre-forward I wanted to watch was not one of the eleven players lining up. An official of the club was standing near me. I asked him what had happened to the lad.

"Oh, you mean the chap who was a stand-in," said the official.

"Wasn't he a regular member of your club?" I asked.

HOTSHOT

"No," the other replied. "We were a man short that day. This lad was hanging around, obviously looking for a game. He had his football boots under his arm."

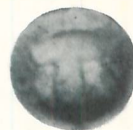
That seemed to finish my chances of seeing the young centre-forward in action again. I stayed on to watch the start of the game, but soon saw that the two junior sides had nothing to offer me. I left the ground and wandered away through the town.

I soon found myself in a seedy sort of district and when I saw some fellows kicking a ball about on some waste ground, it didn't in any way inspire me.

The pitch was more bare earth than grass, the goal posts looked as if they might fall down at any moment. There were no nets, and the changing-room was an old hut.

The outfits of the two teams were pretty threadbare. One chap hadn't a strip at all. He wore

(Continued on next page)



football boots, but had an ordinary shirt, with his trousers tucked into his socks.

He was playing left-half for the team with faded black and red hooped jerseys. As I approached, he seized on a loose ball, worked it forward, and pushed a long pass through into an open space.

It was a neat move, and it looked familiar. I hurried closer.

There was no doubt about it. The stocky, fair-haired left-half was the same chap I had seen playing centre-forward with the other club.

The game was worth watching if only for the performance of the left-half, who completely dominated play.

He prompted his forwards with long, defence-splitting passes, starting attack after attack. The Hoops were keeping up a one-way traffic towards their opponents' goal. It was the left-half who kept the traffic moving. He was right on top, and he had plenty of steam left when the game ended. The Hoops won — five-nil.

"Could I have a word with you?" I asked the stocky young left-half as he came off.

He looked at me doubtfully.

"Let me just get my jacket and shoes," he mumbled.

He disappeared into the hut, and I waited outside. After a time, the other players began to come out, all fully-dressed.

"What's keeping your left-half?" I asked.

The fellows looked a bit uncomfortable.

"Well, he asked us not to tell you," said one, "but he nipped out through a back window of the hut!"

"You mean he's given me the slip?" I gasped. "Why?"

It was obvious that the fellow I was after didn't belong to a club. It was peculiar for a player of his ability, and I couldn't understand why he had dodged me.

To find out the reason, I had to find the player. For several week-ends I haunted minor league matches in and around Hinton, but drew a blank. There was no sign of the young fellow I was

hunting. It looked as if I had scared him off, although I couldn't think why. Young players don't usually object to talking to a football scout.

On the next Saturday I drove up to the Burnham City ground to see the game. I got there early, and the public entrances were not yet open, although crowds were already beginning to gather.

As I parked my car, I saw a young fellow hurrying past. It was the fair-haired chap I was hunting.

I flung myself out of my car. Quickly, I dodged through the waiting crowds, but there was no sign of the lad. I made a circuit round the outside of the ground, but he had completely vanished.



"I'm sorry, but Manchester United have signed me already."

I watched the game, but didn't enjoy it. My mind was elsewhere.

On the following Saturday, our reserves were at home to Clayton Reserves. I went to the ground bright and early to keep a look-out for the Invisible Man.

I was standing watching the passers-by when Joe Martin, our reserve centre-half, drove past with three other second-team players in his car.

The car bowled on towards the side-turning that led to the players' entrance. At that moment a big lorry came swinging out of the side-turning without stopping at the halt sign.

The lorry smashed into the players' car. I stared in horror for a second, then raced towards the spot.

Somebody else was dashing up from the opposite direction, and reached the spot first. It was the Invisible Man. But now that I was face to face with him I had other things on my mind instead of football.

The car was on its side. The fair-haired fellow wrenched at the door, but it was jammed. He managed to get his hand through the broken window and hammer at the catch. The door sprang open.

The fellows inside were badly knocked about. I helped to haul them out. A crowd had collected, and a policeman shoved his way through.

While we waited for the ambulance I noticed that the Invisible Man had gashed his hand in opening the car door, and had wrapped a handkerchief round it to stop the bleeding.

The ambulance came, and our injured players were loaded inside. I pushed through the crowd to pass the bad news on to the club officials. The Invisible Man had taken second place in my mind, but now I realised we'd need every player we could find.

I hurried back to the scene of the crash. The fair-haired young fellow had gone, but the policeman was still there, making notes.

"That young chap who helped get the players out," I asked the policeman, "did you get his name and address as a witness?"

"Yes," said the policeman. "His name's Roy Leigh, and he's in lodgings in the town."

"Did he say where he was going when he left here?" I demanded.

"Yes," nodded the policeman. "He said he had a job to do in the City ground. He headed for the staff entrance when he left me."

I was staggered. This young fellow certainly was the Invisible Man! He was working right under my nose, and I'd never even seen him!

Suddenly the answer hit me. There's one chap that every

THE SECRET FEAR OF ROY TRENT

customer meets at a football ground, but never sees.

The queues were beginning to move in now. I tagged on to the nearest one. I reached the turnstile. At one side was the little cubby-hole where the cashier lurked. He took money and handed out change through a small grille. All you could see of him was his hands.

I took a look at this chap's hands, and saw he wasn't the one I wanted. I tried the next turnstile.

I backed away again when I saw the cashier's hands, but the third time I was lucky. The cashier behind this grille had a handkerchief wrapped round a gash on one hand.

Five minutes later I was in the manager's office with Roy Leigh, the Invisible Man I had hunted for so long.

"I don't know why you've been dodging me, Roy," I said, "but we're up against it. How would you like to turn out for the Reserves this afternoon?"

The fair-haired fellow was staring at me.

"I didn't know you were connected with the City," he said. "I thought you were a newspaper reporter."

"Will you play?" I demanded.

Roy hesitated, then made up his mind.

"All right, I'll play," he said.

You couldn't expect much from players brought together at the

last minute, and our boys looked very ragged from the start. Roy Leigh pulled them together.

Roy had a smooth, unhurried style that made it look easy. His sense of anticipation had him in the right spot without frantic

time. He tackled like a terrier and used the ball intelligently to change defence into attack.

The game ended without either side scoring. Roy got a cheer for the part he had played in stopping Clayton. I cornered him later.

"You've got a great future in football," I told him. "Why don't you forget about George Trent?"

"How do you know about that?" Roy demanded.

"Just guessing," I said. "Your style reminded me."

"Yes, my name's really Roy Trent," he admitted. "George Trent was my father."

"Is that why you wouldn't join a club?" I asked.

"That's right," nodded Roy. "I was afraid the whole rotten story might come out again, and I thought you were a reporter."

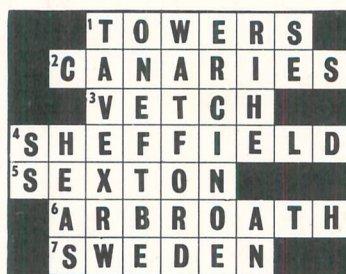
"You enjoyed yourself out there this afternoon, didn't you?" I asked.

"It was great," Roy admitted.

"Forget what happened years ago, Roy," I suggested. "You've the makings of a great player, and I'm going to tell our manager so. Start playing under your own name. You can make the name of Roy Trent so prominent that nobody will ever mention George Trent!"

If you follow football, you'll know that Roy took my advice. He's made the right-back position his own in the Burnham City team, and the name of Roy Trent is expected to appear in the England side very soon now.

DID YOU GET THAT CROSSWORD RIGHT?



(From page 114)

last-second scrambles. He gave a polished exhibition of full-back play.

The game had not been in progress long before I knew whom Roy reminded me of. It was George Trent, the Hinton defender whose career had ended in tragedy.

Clayton were the better team, but they couldn't prove it with goals. Roy was the obstacle every

QUIZ ANSWERS

1—Chris Nicholl (Aston Villa) v. Leicester City on March 20. Two for Villa, two own goals.

2—Rodney Marsh, team captain of Manchester City, was sold to Tampa Bay Rowdies.

3—Full-back Phil Neal.

4—Willie Young — Aberdeen to Spurs (£100,000). Andy Gray — Dundee United to Aston Villa (£110,000).

5—Clive Thomas (Treochy).

6—Lincoln City — 111 goals.

7—Liverpool — Clemence, Neal, Thompson, Kennedy and Keegan all played in the 'Centenary' international against Wales.

8—Bradford City.

9—Leighton James — Burnley to Derby County for £300,000.

10—Peter Taylor (Crystal Palace).

11—Manchester City (winners), Newcastle United (runners-up), Middlesbrough and Spurs.

12—Scarborough.

13—Derby County — 75 goals.

14—Ted MacDougall (Norwich City) with 22 League goals.

15—The Rangers of Glasgow — League Championship, Scottish Cup, League Cup.

16—Aston Villa, Plymouth Argyle, Sheffield Wednesday.

17—Queen's Park Rangers.

18—Wrexham.

19—Ray Kennedy (Liverpool) who scored with two minutes to go against Wolves on May 4.

20—Cardiff City who gained promotion from Third to Second on the last day of the season (May 4).

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FOOTBALL

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1977